The Gallup Polls *a review by Reed Whittemore*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—December 16, 1972, 50 cents

KISSINGER

"What we have done is give South Vietnam an opportunity to survive in conditions that are, today, political rather than military. It is now up to the South Vietnamese to win the political contest awaiting them."

Interview with Oriana Fallaci

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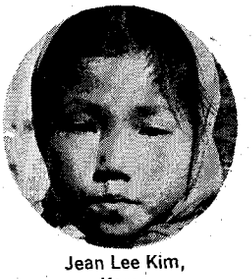
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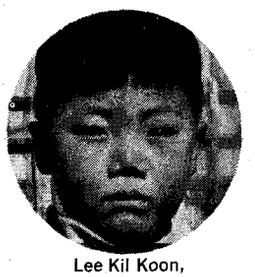
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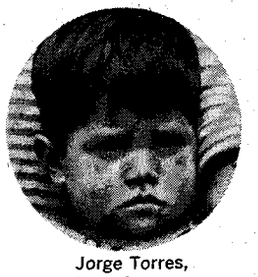
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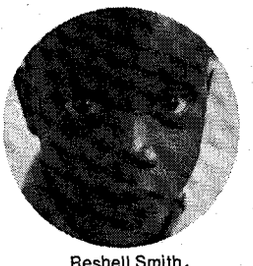
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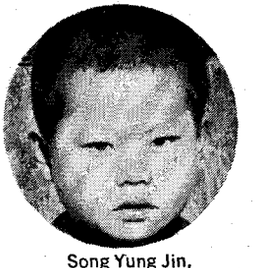
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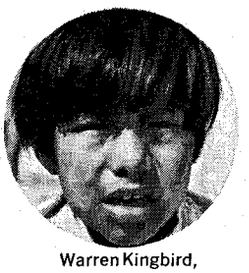
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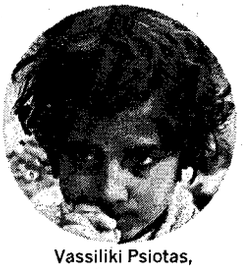
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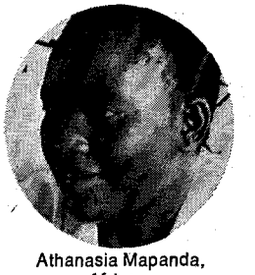
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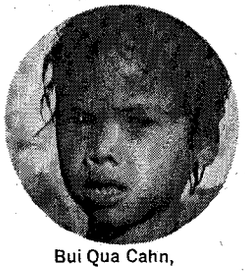
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TRB

from Washington
December 16, 1972

Spaceship Earth

As you read this, God willing, three astronauts will be approaching—or on—the Moon. As they look back through the cloudless lunar sky they see another spaceship behind, the Earth. We who follow them are passengers on this second spaceship. Like it or not, the most lasting effect of these flights is, probably, to make us think globally.

How are things on Spaceship Earth? With its torrid zones and polar caps, it is a peculiar place. It is inhabited by an odd, aggressive, oxygen-breathing, warm-blooded species called Man. Man is a pygmy, with a trace of Divinity. Often he is selfish; generally he is shortsighted and sometimes he is noble. His will to survive is breathtaking. He is overpopulating his little spinning planet at a great rate and very soon he must do something about it. Will he do it before disaster? Probably not.

Every 24 hours that Cernan, Schmitt and Evans are away from Earth, 200,000 more humans are added. The population is already 3.7 billion. At the end of their 13-day cruise, Cernan, Schmitt and Evans will return to a planet with 2,600,000 more people on it (deaths subtracted from births) than when they left. In 35 years, population will double. Where will they all live? Some, in 2007 AD, may be jammed in as tight as on Apollo 17 itself. If the fish tank gets too crowded, of course, many will die.

Of the passengers on Earth about two-thirds go to bed hungry at night. To put it more scientifically, as Lester R. Brown does in his rousing new book, *World Without Borders* (Random House; $8.95), they are below the nutritional minimum required for normal growth and activity. Any American who has been to Saigon knows what that means. You tower a foot taller than the Vietnamese. When you squeeze his fingers he winces. No wonder he dislikes us.

Messrs. Cernan, Schmitt and Evans will be looking for geological demarcations along the Sea of Serenity. As they look back at Spaceship Earth they can almost make out another kind of demarcation at home. It is an imaginary line that separates North America, Europe, Russia and Japan from Latin America, Africa and Asia: the north-south line of the economic gap, the division between the two worlds. It is taller than any Taurus mountains, and deeper than any Littrow crater the astronauts will encounter. Life expectancy in the north may be 70 years, while in much of the south perhaps 30, which is not very long to live, but too long to be hungry.

Our astronauts come from a nation with six percent of the earth's population that complacently consumes 34 percent of its energy; the individual income of the American is over $4100, of India $90, and during the '60s the gap between the two, says Brown, widened "both absolutely and relatively." The birthrate in the poor countries is about twice that of the rich.

Back in the '60s, we remember, everybody thought there was going to be a famine. William and Paul Paddock published a book, *Famine, 1975.* Barbara Ward noted the widening gap "between a white, complacent, highly bourgeois, very wealthy, very small North Atlantic elite and everybody else." The head of the international Food and Agriculture Organization said "the outbreak of famines within the next 5 to 10 years cannot be excluded." Gunnar Myrdal, the great Swedish economist, was more explicit; he was an impressive figure with massive head and china-blue eyes, and his vast experience and his difficulty with the English letter "j" made his testimony to Congress unforgettable. In 10 years, he predicted (that was 1965), there would be world famine: "What the world needs," he observed memorably, "is not yet planes, but yobs!"

Famine didn't appear. Why?—because of the Green Revolution—the production of new, miracle strains of grain and rice, a discovery that has affected more people, in less time, than any previous technological advance in history. It got Norman Borlaug the Nobel Peace Prize. But the Green Revolution is running out. It has given us time but not very much. Last month FAO director Addeke Boerma in a grim annual report said that the developing nations are falling behind again in food supplies as population catches up; it is "extremely serious," he said.

Earlier in Washington Boerma observed that "history teaches us that situations of this kind lead sooner or later to violence and political upheaval."

Well, let's come back to Lester Brown again, and his book, and the planet Earth. The point he makes is that we have come, rather suddenly, into a global society "without borders," and that our resources are not endless but finite. We think we can stretch things with our nitrates and phosphates and insecticides and, for a while, we can till population catches up. But we have reached the point where the relationship between man and his natural environment is deteriorating. The mantle of life-sustaining topsoil which is only inches deep over most of the world's surface (though it sinks to 10 or 20 feet in the humus mines of Iowa and Minnesota) is being used up. The word is "eutrophy." The water run-off from farm lands, with chemical fertilizer, pollutes the streams: Lake Erie is the best example of eutrophication. The Moon has no moisture at all but on our Earth we are poisoning our water; it is becoming even more precious than land. We can, of course, restore life to Lake Erie, explains Brown, but it will cost $40 billion.

The Russians thought they had the answer; Khrushchev put 100 million acres under cultivation in the "virgin lands" experiment only to find the residual moisture dries up; Egypt built the Aswan Dam and found, besides uncomfortable side effects, an additional million people a year—still poor. Earth passengers are hungry yet we waste $204 billion a year on global military expenditures; our problem is uncontrolled human fertility. No one can seriously look at this desperate race between population and food without concluding that we will have famine before long if something drastic is not done. Famine is latent. A famine has no fixed time for beginning or ending; on our globe today millions of lives depend on weather, on a monsoon, or the whim of a wind.

It is Lester Brown's message that we are in a period like that when scientists gathered evidence that the globe was round, and many refused to accept the notion. Now the astronauts drive it home. Like it or not, we must think globally. We are all on the same spaceship, and it is the only one we have.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 167, No. 23, Issue 3023, December 16, 1972. Published weekly (except the issues of January 1, July 29, August 12, August 26, and December 23, 1972) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1972 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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Who's Hobbling The Press?

While the over-sensationalized Manson murder trial was underway in Los Angeles, that city's afternoon newspaper, the *Herald-Examiner*, on October 9, 1970 banner-headlined an "exclusive": "Liz, Sinatra on Slay List—Tate Witness . . . Ghastly Tortures Planned for Stars." What followed down the front page and over two columns inside was a copyrighted story by reporter William T. Farr, drawn from a statement given police by Virginia Graham, who months earlier had shared a prison cell with Susan Atkins, one of the accused Manson "family." During their incarceration, Miss Atkins apparently talked at length and Mrs. Graham subsequently went to police with the information. A transcript of her statement was obtained by Farr shortly before Mrs. Graham was to testify at Susan Atkins' trial. Among the "facts" Farr disclosed in his October 9 story—and which would not, he wrote, be included in her "current testimony"—were details of the Manson family's "weird sex rites" and alleged plans to kill movie stars including Frank Sinatra, who was to be hung upside down on a meat hook, skinned and turned into pocketbooks to be sold at hippie stores.

In the rush to defend a newsman's untrammeled right to print what he wants and be under no constraint to reveal his sources, the journalistic community is making a hero of William Farr. His jailing for refusing to name the lawyers who gave him the Graham transcript is presented as part of a wider, dangerous pattern of intimidation, and a sign that federal legislation is needed to protect newsmen's unrestricted right not to tell courts, prosecutors and legislative committees where they get their information.

There is, we recognize, a threat to press freedom. It surfaced when the Nixon administration moved through subpoena against reporter Earl Caldwell in the Black Panther case, and when it later sought prior restraint against newspapers in the Pentagon papers case. The Supreme Court backed up the argument that reporters have no automatic claim of immunity and could be compelled to testify before grand juries; it almost backed prior restraint. Since then, the administration's skirmishes against newsmen seem to have been halted, temporarily, but the assault has been carried forward by state and local prosecutors, many of whom have their own grudges against the press—some rational, some not. It is against this emotional back-

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ground that the Farr case and that of Peter Bridge, whose article in the *Newark News* led to his jailing, should be examined—not just for the legal equities, but for the reporting they represent. Should the push for federal legislation protecting journalists reach the floor of Congress, the stories themselves will be a focal point in the debate. Unfortunately, both Farr and Bridge may influence some legislators to turn from shielding the press to hobbling it.

Take the Farr case. The Manson trial judge, Superior Court Judge Charles H. Older, in the wake of blaring headlines which accompanied President Nixon's incredible opinion as to Manson's guilt, had invoked a "fair trial" or "gag" rule. Under that rule, defense and prosecution lawyers, defendants, witnesses, police and other attachés of the court were barred—under threat of contempt—from passing information to the press. Nevertheless, persons covered by that rule, including two of six lawyers in the case—gave Farr the transcript of Mrs. Graham's police statement. On October 8, a day before its publication by the *Herald-Examiner*, Mrs. Graham's lawyer told Judge Older the document was in Farr's hands. The judge called an informal hearing in his chambers and, when Farr confirmed he had the transcript, Older remarked that it would be helpful for a fair trial if it were not printed; he added it would be a serious matter if the material got to the jury. The judge also asked Farr to reveal his source, at the same time noting the reporter was covered by the existing California "shield" law. Farr refused, and later that night, after publication was set, called Judge Older to warn him, so that precautions could be taken to prevent the jury from seeing the headlines as the jurors rode the bus from their sequestered hotel rooms to the courthouse.

On the day of publication, defense lawyers moved for a mistrial on the grounds the trial had been prejudiced by Farr's *Herald-Examiner* "exclusive"—a motion denied by Judge Older.

Seven months later, when Farr was no longer employed by a newspaper and theoretically no longer covered by a shield law, Judge Older held a formal hearing on the matter. Farr's lawyer stipulated that two Manson case lawyers plus one other person subject to the judge's "gag" rule had been Farr's sources—but he declined to name them. The judge took the position that Farr had no immunity and was hiding the identity of persons who had acted in contempt of court, a position that was upheld when the case was taken to appeal.

In retrospect it is worth asking whether defense lawyers set in motion events they thought could be exploited to bring about an end to the trial. Were Farr and his paper being used? Only Farr and his editors can answer that. What we know is that Farr's story was not "investigative reporting which in many instances has uncovered wrong-doing by public officials and private citizens, or provided other information the public was entitled to have"—descriptive language found in a resolution adopted last month by the Associated Press Managing Editors Association, commending Farr and expressing "concern about judicial censorship and such injustices as Farr's being jailed . . ." It seems to us that the newspaper erred by rushing into print with a seamy sensational account based on material obtained in contradiction to court order, and where the selling of more newspapers was the only public service rendered.

The Bridge case offers a different sort of problem. Newark's black mayor, Kenneth Gibson, has been fighting the powerful white Italian minority of his city headed by State Assemblyman Anthony Imperiale. This past spring, the focus of their dispute was the Newark Housing Authority, a six-member commission on which Gibson had only one representative, Pearl Beatty. When the executive director of the agency retired, Imperiale, who controlled the votes, pushed to have a successor named immediately. Gibson sought to delay until two more of his appointees, then awaiting city council approval, could be placed on the authority. The vote on a new director was set for May 2. The weekend before the vote, Gibson wrote and released a letter to HUD Secretary George Romney asking his help in postponing the housing vote and alleging "organized criminal elements" were forcing selection of the new director. On the day of decision, the *Newark News* published a front-page story by Peter Bridge under the headline: "City Housing Aide Repeats Bribe Offer." Bridge quoted Mrs. Beatty as saying that "a man walked into my office and offered me $10,000 if I would vote for 'their' choice for executive director." The story added, "she did not know the man and probably would not recognize him if she saw him again."

The Beatty allegation as printed lacked any hard facts, such as when the offer had taken place or, surprisingly, any description of the person who had allegedly made the offer. Yet Bridge wrote it, and the *News* splashed it on its front page the day the controversial vote was scheduled to take place. Bridge never wrote a follow-up (it wasn't his regular beat), and says that his responsibility as a reporter consisted solely in reporting accurately what was said, and not whether the statement was accurate. "How are you going to prove or disprove it?" he said recently; his job was to get a public official's statement into print and do it when the story was hottest.

Newark had been plagued—and still is—by conflicting charges and countercharges between Gibson and Imperiale forces, all carried by the press. The county prosecutor, pressured by those allegations, set up a special grand jury last May to sort out what was true and false. Mrs. Beatty, when called, gave an altogether different version under oath of the "bribe affair" than that reported by Bridge. She also refuted two other

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versions attributed to her by others. She said news stories had distorted the interview. To wind up his inquiry, the prosecutor's office decided to subpoena Bridge.

We doubt the propriety of the prosecutor's move, just as we doubt the propriety of the *News'* printing of Bridge's story. And, had not the Nixon administration set the pattern, we doubt Bridge would ever have been called. But we sympathize with a law enforcement official who reads allegations in his daily newspaper that seem to him unfounded, yet are printed as if they were true.

The rest of the Bridge story is well known. Though the original aim was to have him confirm the accuracy of the Beatty interview, Bridge's decision to try to quash the subpoena prompted the prosecutor's office to enlarge on the information sought. The state courts ruled Bridge had given up his immunity when he identified Mrs. Beatty as his source. When Bridge appeared before a grand jury, the questions went to other information than that which appeared in his story. Bridge refused to answer outside the facts printed and spent 21 days in jail. He insisted he would lose his sources if he disclosed what else was said, and that the questions went beyond the Beatty incident. The prosecutors were appalled that Bridge quoted Mrs. Beatty on a matter as important as a bribe, but never took a note during the interview and never confirmed the quote before publication.

The irony is that both cases have been used to wave the banner for investigative reporting—which neither represents. We would argue that the main bar to tough, critical reporting is not the "chilling effect" of the Supreme Court's *Caldwell* decision nor the absence of a sturdy federal law shielding reporters. The principal deterrent to such reporting lies within the profession itself. Hard information is hard to come by. It takes time to dig out, and few publications want to invest the time or money. It takes perseverance, and few reporters and editors these days have much of that. It isolates you from sources for whom truth is a lesser good, and few journalists relish isolation. And when things really get rough, it may mean that your income taxes are reviewed (as CBS' John Hart's were when he came back from a reporting trip to North Vietnam), or your competitors get the scoops (as happened to *The Washington Post* with *The Washington Star-News'* exclusive interview of the President).

Thus, though we are not indifferent to the danger to press independence from prosecutors and judges, we are equally concerned by the search for a shield law or a press council—in fact by anything that promises an institutionalized or legalized shortcut to fair and full reporting but could turn out to be just the opposite. There are no shortcuts. The press can only put its trust in the First Amendment pure and clear, and plug away at getting the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Sham Price Controls

Utility stocks are among the darlings of Wall Street these days, and little wonder. Their profits are up sharply and their products are in heavy demand. But the secret of utility stock success is not so much in the demand-supply situation as that utility rates are moving ever upward—without one kilowatt of concern from President Nixon's price controllers. Despite a complex set of regulations announced with fanfare last March by Commissioner C. Jackson Grayson, Jr., regulation of telephone, gas and electric company rates is a farce.

The Price Commission has approved more than 120 utility rate increases costing consumers more than $2 billion a year while disapproving one, that of the New England Motor Carriers. In addition, state and local regulatory agencies have approved an unknown number of increases, costing additional billions a year. For all utilities, the increases okayed by the Price Commission average 5.85 percent, almost twice as high as the agency's overall 3.2 percent guideline. And the 5.85 figure is misleadingly low because transportation utilities have fared relatively poorly. Their rate increases granted by Grayson's agency average only 1.68 percent. Telephone rate boosts average 7.10 percent, with the Bell System companies (22 of them) getting $664.5 million worth of increases averaging 7.3 percent. This doesn't include the long distance rate hikes recently granted American Telephone for long distance calls. The Price Commission has authority to review, and rescind, that order granted by the Federal Communications Commission. We shall see.

Rate increases granted to gas distribution companies average 6.65 percent and to gas transmission companies 8.63 percent. Electric power companies have done even better on average, 9.72 percent, including increases of more than 10 percent to American Electric Power, Metropolitan Edison, Northern Indiana Public Service, Mississippi Power and Virginia Electric (VEPCO).

Under the regulations announced by Grayson more than six months ago, state utility agencies were in effect handed the primary job of controlling rates if they "certified" to the Price Commission that they would follow certain guidelines set up in Washington. The state regulators had the expertise, the Price Commission said, ignoring the fact long preached by consumer groups and such legislators as Senator Lee Metcalf (D, Mont.) that the state (and local) agencies were underpaid, undermanned and undertrained. Most states are now certified, and so the Price Commission is merely supposed to keep an eye on their rate increase decisions. As yet there is no monitoring system within the Price Commission, and the officials have had no clear answer why. In short, utility rate requests are being handled as always, regardless of the

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paper rules of Phase Two.

Utility companies are doing very well. Senator Metcalf has summarized the situation: "In 1968, net profits of the 100 largest electric utilities increased 2.8 percent over the previous year. In 1969, they increased 3.4 percent over 1968. In 1970, the annual increase set a new record, 8.3 percent. Last year, the utilities broke that record, increasing net profits by 11.6 percent . . . The outlook this year is for an even more profitable year for the utilities." Metcalf's figures are for the electric companies, but in general they could be applied across the utility board.

And speaking of controls, we noted in these pages on September 2 that the director of the Cost of Living Council, Donald Rumsfeld, had told General Motors to defer higher prices on cars until he could hold public hearings on the matter, after which a decision would be announced. We suggested that the new prices were not likely to appear until "after the election." On December 1, the Price Commission authorized GM to raise its prices on cars and trucks by an average of $54.

Power Struggle

According to full-page ads in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* last week, Midge Decter, James Roosevelt, John P. Roche and Seymour Martin Lipset are sick and tired of the New Politics. They and their friends belong to the Coalition for a Democratic Majority (CDM), a counter Americans for Democratic Action congenial to the sort of ADA dropouts who now edit *Commentary* and *The Public Interest*. But it is the Democratic party pros from the Humphrey-Jackson wing like Max Kampelman and Ben Wattenberg, a co-author of *The Real Majority*, who will provide muscle for this war on "ideological bossism." Conceived in the last months of the McGovern campaign, the CDM is careful not to rip into McGovern by name or even his supporters but rather those unidentified Democrats who sneer at "traditional liberalism" and have "New Politics ideas." On these vague battle lines, Ben Wattenberg announced at the first CDM press conference the start of a profound ideological struggle for control of the Democratic Party. The big fight is all over "quotas" and "neo-isolationism" (defined as the view of anyone who wants America to shirk its "international responsibilities").

We cannot say who put up the $14,000 in seed money to fight neo-isolationism and quotas—it might as well have been McGovern himself, since he has denounced these things, too. The CDM "organizing committee," which includes many admirers of Scoop Jackson and Robert Strauss, refuses to discuss personalities, trying in that way to reach out to Muskie liberals like Representative James O'Hara (D, Mich.), a celebrated friend of party reform. There was not even an official line on the replacement of Ms. Westwood as party chairman. The CDM agenda, as Midge Decter sees it, will closely resemble the original goal of ADA when it was founded in 1947, which she says was to "cleanse mainstream liberalism" of the Henry Wallace and fellow traveler element.

Wattenberg refers to CDM liberals as Cold War or labor liberals—a labor liberal being any middle-class politician or intellectual with close ties to George Meany. The big domestic issue for these labor liberals is not the distribution of income, not tax reform or health care, not the cities or the ghettos, not even race (except in a discreetly coded way)—it is "quotas," or, if you will, the pursuit of excellence and "the principle of individual merit without regard to inherited status." At the press conference, Wattenberg, in listing four areas that divided New Politics from mainstream liberalism, mentioned quotas twice.

It is hard to say why CDM thinks "the blare of New Politics" has long dominated the press when only a year ago the media either laughed off McGovern or ignored him altogether. Most CDM spokesmen, like O'Hara and executive director Penn Kemble, are also confused about how they should explain McGovern's surprising nomination. A few seemed to think it had something to do with quotas. But quotas did not send McGovern delegates to Miami—the primaries did—and that's why a few sullen voices were raised at the press conference against the whole business of participatory democracy. "Grass roots politics," a CDM founder said, "is an upper middle class sport," best played by the educated, idle student virtuosos of the New Politics. Behind the gibe, one sees the party regular's anxiety that the primary system has turned the Democratic Party over to amateurs and activists.

In the current issue of *Commentary*, CDM director Penn Kemble predicts a bleak future for "traditional liberals": with the real majority too apathetic to vote, the New Politics ideologues will usually have the money and time to bring out the vote and carry the day. Since CDM cannot openly attack a democratic institution like the primary, the only sure way to prevent a New Politics sweep at the 1976 convention is to build in "the representation of regular party leaders," as Congressman O'Hara has proposed to do in the party's new charter. The CDM, then, after smearing the New Politics with an issue that had little to do with its Miami majority, ends up "quota"-mongering.

One may properly agree that the working class deserved a better deal in Miami. But instead of employing quotas for working-class ethnics and union men, the O'Hara reform guarantees the return of conventional politicians—more upper middle-class Democrats to stand in for working-class Democrats. With so many labor liberals to speak for them, working men would once more leave slate-making and "participation" to the professionals.

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The Nixon Watch

Kicking Sand

In the fourth week of what Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler called the President's endeavor "to treat the beginning of the second term as a completely fresh start for this administration," a White House assistant offered comfort of a sort to a federal bureau chief who wanted to know whether he will have a job when Mr. Nixon gets through moving department heads and lesser officials from place to place and bringing in a few new appointees. By way of reminding the bureau chief that he had company in misery, the assistant said, "This is a period when a lot of people are standing around, kicking sand." William Safire, a Nixon writer who earned large sums in the public relations business and will be in a position to earn larger sums when and if he leaves the White House staff, dealt in what he considered to be a definitive way with the suspicion that there is more atmosphere than substance in the successive announcements of personnel changes and non-changes at White House, Cabinet and lower administration levels. "Atmosphere," Safire said, "*is* substance."

The President, who is known to be capable of spontaneous laughter, must have got a laugh out of his success in compelling the media to serve his purposes by reporting as big news the non-news that he had decided, after grave deliberation, to keep several of his Cabinet members and department heads where they already were. Secretaries William P. Rogers at State, George P. Shultz at Treasury, Rogers C. B. Morton at Interior, and Attorney General Richard Kleindienst at Justice are staying put, at least for awhile, and the justifiable reaction in each case would be but hasn't been—so what? The central meaning, not altered in any important respect by the changes that also have been and are to be announced, is that the second Nixon term isn't going to be very different in either cast or posture from the first Nixon term. The governing tone and policies of the Nixon administration are set at the White House, not in the departments and agencies. The signal that there isn't going to be meaningful change at the White House was loud and clear a month after the President's reelection. It was the announcement that John D. Ehrlichman, the assistant for domestic affairs; H. R. Haldeman, the administrative chief; Peter Flanigan, who doubles as emissary to big business and director of the Council on International Economic Policy, and most of the other principal assistants are remaining in essentially unchanged roles. Henry Kissinger, who portrays himself with devastating clarity in the interview reprinted in this issue of *The New Republic*, is a special case and I'll be getting to his situation and prospects later in this report.

A new role assigned to George Shultz is a matter of the mechanics of power and decision, not of change in presidential purpose and policy. Shultz is to be both Treasury secretary and an assistant to the President at the head of a new Council on Economic Policy. In his words, he and the council are "to provide an identified, explicitly identified, group and person responsible to the President for the overall relating of different aspects of economic policy." The "overall relating" of domestic and foreign economic policy is said to be the principal purpose, and there is no intention to derogate the aim when the President's addiction to councils is noted. Various members of the Council on Economic Policy are also members of the Domestic Council, the Cost of Living Council, and Peter Flanigan's Council on International Economic Policy. Herbert Stein, who stays as chairman of the statutory Council of Economic Advisers, is a member of all of them. When Shultz was asked whether his added responsibilities and eminence might bring him into conflict with the President on major economic policy questions, he delivered a memorable sermonette on the realities of presidential counsel and decision, Nixon style. Shultz said: "No. It doesn't work that way at all. . . . You never get yourself in a position where people proceed along on something that important and fundamental, as though the President is not there, and then confront him with something that is not in keeping with his thinking. That is just not the way the policy process works or certainly not the way I would want to have it work." This passage is recommended to journalists and others who suspect that serious disputes between the President and his advisers are hidden. They don't occur at the Nixon White House.

Proximity to Presidents is important in all administrations and especially important in this one, Mr. Nixon being a President who prefers to do business in person with the smallest feasible number of people. Shultz had the fact in mind when he welcomed assurance that he and a small staff will have offices in the West Wing, where the President works when he can't arrange to work somewhere else. An assistant who also understands the value of proximity is Special Counsel Charles Colson. His office in the Executive Office Building, a few steps across West Executive Avenue from the White House and the West Wing, adjoins an office the President took for himself soon after he was inaugurated in 1969 and frequently uses. Colson has a unique way of calling the attention of visitors to his location. When voices are raised, he shushes offenders with the caution that they mustn't risk disturbing the President next door. Colson, a lawyer who has proven himself to be a skillful and ruthless political tactician in the President's service, has probably seen more of Mr. Nixon in recent months than any domestic assistant excepting Haldeman and Ehrlichman. His reputation as the President's dirty-tricks man, not to mention his vague and undocumented association in new accounts with the Watergate bugging and campaign

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sabotage scandals, has not impaired the frequency and intimacy of his association with Mr. Nixon. But it has been a largely hidden intimacy, never willingly publicized, and some of Colson's White House colleagues connect this fact with the announcement that he is leaving the staff in early 1973. The impression of these colleagues has been that Colson would be glad to continue to forego the hundreds of thousands of dollars in annual income that he can earn as a Washington lawyer-lobbyist and stay on at the top staff salary of $42,500 a year, if he were accorded the formal recognition and status that Haldeman, Ehrlichman and a few Counsellors with Cabinet rank have enjoyed. In announcing Colson's imminent departure, Press Secretary Ziegler lavished upon him expressions of the President's esteem and gratitude with a fervor not manifested toward any other departing official. While doing so on the President's orders, Ziegler presumably has been aware of Colson's recommendation that the press secretary's functions and staff be merged with those of Herbert Klein, the Director of Communications. Colson has also recommended that his protegé and Klein's deputy, Ken W. Clawson, be placed in charge of the merged operation when and if Klein leaves the White House. For several reasons, including the President's fondness for Ziegler and Ziegler's cool relationship with Clawson, this probably won't happen.

Now we get to Henry Kissinger. In my opinion, stated here in order to put what follows in the proper perspective, Henry Kissinger is the most talented and valuable assistant in the President's service. I as a citizen am extremely glad that he's been at the White House and I'll be extremely sorry when he leaves, which I expect him to do in the fairly near future. Like several other Nixon assistants who may be expected to depart before the second term is far along, Kissinger conveys an impression that whether and when he leaves is for him to decide, the President having decided and told the assistants in question that he wants them to stay as long as they are willing to. Kissinger has recently told me and other reporters that "I will make my final decision about my future relationship after this Vietnam thing is wound up and I have a chance to go away for a few weeks and think."

Kissinger toyed in early 1972 with the thought that he might succeed Secretary of State Rogers and had the sense to be brought up short by two reflections. One of them was that he with his arbitrary ways of action and management (or non-management), and the State Department with its sedate attitudes and procedures, simply could not tolerate each other for very long. The other reflection was that he at the State Department and a successor at the White House with anything approaching his stature and brilliance, plus the aforementioned ways of working, could not coexist and function together as a President would have to require them to function. A corollary of this last thought, and one that in my guess has troubled Kissinger, is the probability that the National Security Council structure that he has developed for the President cannot survive his departure. He used to talk with passion of his hope that it would be a lasting contribution to the institution of the presidency. He doesn't talk that way now, to my limited knowledge, and I think it's because he realizes —without benefit or compulsion of his abundant vanity—that the present NSC structure is too closely identified with and bound up with him to be even remotely the same after he leaves it.

A revealing brush with Kissinger resulted from my suggestion in *The New Republic* that in his October negotiations with Le Duc Tho, the ones that led to the aborted agreement of October 11, he went beyond the limits of concession to the North Vietnamese that President Nixon was prepared to allow. Other publications made the same point and the Thieu propagandists in Saigon made a lot of it. The brush occurred when I queried Kissinger about a sequence of events that I still find odd and puzzling. During the President's first post-election visit to Florida, when Nixon and Kissinger were lodged for three days within a few minutes' drive of each other, they never met in person and talked only by telephone. Later, on a Saturday when the President flew to Washington from his mountain haven at Camp David with the announced purpose of consulting with Kissinger, they again talked only by telephone although they were within yelling distance of each other at the White House. When he was asked what the telephoning meant, Kissinger answered: "Look, you have had a theory that I thought has been really extraordinarily mischievous, that there's been some sort of trouble between the President and me and that I overstepped my instructions and all that sort of baloney. Well, I assure you that it is totally, 100 percent wrong and that whoever told you this, you should never put any credence into again." I told him that nobody planted the notion with me; it was my reading of his and Hanoi's accounts of the October negotiations. When he was asked again about "the telephone thing," he answered: "It's a fact, but it doesn't mean what you think it means. I assure you that it has nothing to do with him and me or any strain between him and me."

During the current Kissinger-Tho negotiations in Paris, Press Secretary Ziegler has said repeatedly and with unprecedented emphasis that Kissinger is acting on the President's instructions and has been getting constant instructions from the President. That's believable, too. As I wrote in the piece that disturbed Kissinger, it's been Richard Nixon's war since 1969 and it will be his settlement if there is one.

John Osborne

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15 Examples of Psychology Today

SPARE THE ROD USE BEHAVIOR MOD

Instead of spending years searching for the cause of troublesome behavior in a child, argue the behavior modification therapists, why not just change the behavior? There are startling examples of the effectiveness of this approach.

CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate. Few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile.

HOW GROUPTHINK LED TO VIETNAM

In terms of group dynamics, the presidential advisors on Vietnam and other foreign policy disasters were victims of what the author calls "groupthink"—and he describes eight symptoms to watch out for in decision-making.

UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN'S ART

An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of children's art over the past 20 years has made some startling discoveries. Children's scribblings and drawings, she says, contain a voluminous written message which has not yet been completely deciphered.

WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Controlled experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to have anxieties about the possibility of successful achievement. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity."

THE WIZARD OF OZ AS THERAPIST

The amazing parallels between the story of Oz and the experience of individual therapy. Dorothy is the patient. The Wizard is the therapist who appears first as a monster, then as a fraud, then simply as a good and helpful person.

LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

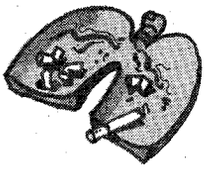
Psychological secrets of teaching thousands of small Japanese children to play the violin—so beautifully that it moved Pablo Casals to tears.

SUPPOSE YOU WERE HITLER'S ANALYST?

He comes to you because he is troubled by guilt feelings over his ruthless, grandiose plans and asks you to help him get rid of these disturbing feelings. What should you do?

GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an important part too.

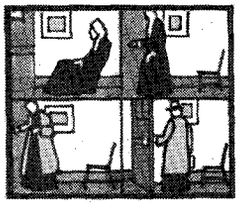


HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying effectiveness of different techniques, including having smoke blown back into your face, doubling your smoking and then stopping, electric shock, and role playing.

WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious assumptions about a woman's "natural" talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women as among men. Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors.



THE MOBICENTRIC EXECUTIVE

Today's job-hopping executive values motion not because it leads to change but because it IS change. More and more, however, he is the one who reaches the top rather than the plodding insider.

IS THE CROWD REALLY MADDING?

To find out, a researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions. The results were not what you might expect.

GEORGE WALLACE'S SUPPORTERS

Months before the political analysts started explaining the "message" being sent by Wallace voters, an analysis in Psychology Today made it clear that racism was not the main key to the Wallace support.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When, why, and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons learned in behavioral lab studies can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations.

You don't have to be a professional psychologist, counselor, or social worker (although many of our readers are) to enjoy Psychology Today. If the examples above turn you on, you are invited to tune in.

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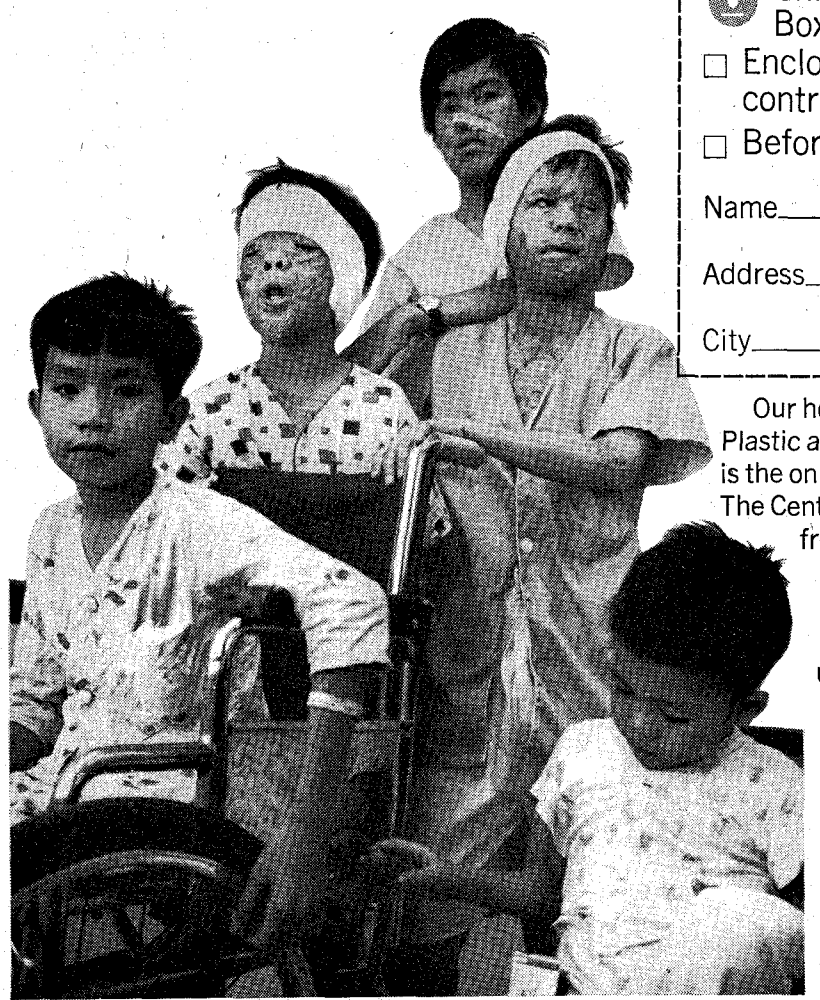

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Is There a Way to Eradicate the Opium Poppy?

The Heroin Supply Problem

by Peter J. Ognibene

There's no business like the illicit drug business. Peasants harvest by hand the poppy fields of Asia to collect the raw opium which they sell for $12 to $32 a kilogram, depending on its quality. A simple chemical process converts 10 kilograms of opium into a kilogram of heroin which can bring retail sales on the streets of New York of a quarter of a million dollars. With illicit opium production estimated to be in excess of a million kilograms a year, the heroin trade has a $25 billion a year *potential*, roughly the annual sales of General Motors and more than the gross national product of Switzerland. Most illicit opium is thought not to enter the international market.

Heroin traffic has been supported by legitimate American businesses which supply the products used to distribute the drug. Two years ago the House Select Committee on Crime documented one corporation's sales of small (1½ inches square) "glassine" envelopes to a stationery store in Harlem. They are sometimes used by stamp collectors but more often used as heroin bags. Of the company's 1969 production of 152 million of these envelopes, 140 million were sold to New York City businesses. The Harlem stationery store probably did not sell the 52 million it bought to philatelists.

Quinine hydrochloride and mannite are two of the materials used to "cut" or dilute pure heroin. A typical formula might be three ounces of mannite and two tablespoons of quinine to an ounce of heroin. Quinine of course has a legitimate use as an anti-malarial drug, and mannite has been used as a children's laxative. Crime committee investigators found quinine and mannite readily purchasable (at high prices) in several New York drugstores. One Harlem pharmacy has sold 40,000 ounces of quinine, buying it for $3 an ounce and selling it for up to $35, while also moving an incredible four tons of mannite at $5 a pound. Malaria and constipation have little to do with these sales.

Stopping the sale of glassine envelopes might have a temporarily disruptive effect on the heroin trade, but other means of packaging, such as gelatin capsules, can take their place. Quinine and mannite could be replaced by other diluents such as lactose and dextrose. To present an obstacle to drug trafficking one must eliminate the source of supply.

The war against the supply of heroin has so far been more a series of skirmishes than an all-out offensive, but it has had its successes. The Cabinet Committee on International Narcotics Control reported in September that worldwide seizures of heroin and morphine base had increased from 7.3 tons in 1970 to 21.6 tons in 1971; 1972 seizures were said to be running at twice those of last year. Turkey limited cultivation of the opium poppy to four provinces this year and will ban it altogether next year. Paraguay extradited to the United States a man alleged to have headed an operation which smuggled three to six tons of heroin into the US, but the cabinet committee did not report that his ring had been put out of business. Thailand staged a well-publicized but allegedly phony burning of thousands of pounds of opium.

Progress will probably continue to be measured by such episodes, but incremental steps can be counteracted. Higher prices for raw opium could turn substantial amounts now retained for local consumption into international traffic. The governments of Burma, Thailand and Laos have no control over the so-called "Golden Triangle" where most of the world's illicit opium is now grown. Similar situations obtain in Afghanistan and Pakistan which produce about 12 percent of the world supply of illicit opium. The cabinet committee estimates it costs about $4000 to set up a "laboratory" which can process 100 kilograms of heroin a week. Even if we succeed in getting those nations, such as Paraguay, which are used as transshipment points to stop their heroin traffic, laboratories could be quickly set up in the remote Asian areas where opium is grown, and new channels of distribution—"direct from factory to you"—could be established. By the time we catch on to the changed pattern, a new one might have replaced it. It happened before when we thought the key to controlling heroin was the Turkey-Marseilles-New York route: the so-called French connection. Now most of the illicit opium is grown in the Golden Triangle. If the committee's estimate for heroin seizures in 1972 is correct, officials will have succeeded in capturing four percent of the world's illicit opium crop.

In spite of the magnitude of the heroin supply problem, the step-up in heroin seizures has apparently had some effect. The price of heroin on the street has gone up while the purity has gone down; undercover agents have reported difficulty in purchasing the drug. Nelson Gross, the State Department's senior adviser on international narcotics matters, believes that a "shortage of drugs will then tend to drive addicts into treatment; as well as prevent them from addicting others

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who might be tempted to experiment with the drug." There seems to be some truth in Gross' statement: the number of heroin users in treatment has increased appreciably in the past year. But there is a darker view. The addict who has been feeding his $40 or $50 a day habit by crime may increase his criminal activities to cover the higher costs of getting heroin. Some might turn to barbiturates or other drugs. More might seek a drug rehabilitation program, such as methadone maintenance, only to stave off the pain of withdrawal until street heroin becomes available at cheaper prices.

Dick Gregory used to say: "If a twelve-year-old kid in Chicago can find a dope pusher, why can't the cops?" Now he talks about nine-year-olds on heroin. Sometimes police arrest heroin pushers only to find their hard work frustrated by other elements of the criminal justice system. Take the matter of bail. In the southern (judicial) district of New York during the 1960s, there were 121 bail forfeitures, and 77 of them were by persons facing narcotics charges. These 77 forfeited bails totaled $836,200. Even a drastic increase in bail for persons arrested as narcotics couriers has had little effect. A US attorney told the House Select Committee on Crime that bails for South American couriers had gone higher than $100,000 but that "every South American that's been arrested in the past three years [1967-70] . . . who has posted cash bail, and I can't think of anyone who has done anything but post cash bail, every single one of them is a fugitive."

The law enforcement problem cannot be laid entirely on the doorstep of the courts however. The Knapp Commission hearings in New York found that some police officers there were being paid off by drug traffickers, an odious alliance that has led to a complete breakdown in law enforcement in some communities. One resident told the House committee about police pay-offs in his South Bronx neighborhood:

> You see a squad car come up. You know where the building is so you see a squad car come up. One of them will get out of the car and go in the basement, go in the hallway, or go in the back of the store and they will stand there talking for a while and then come back and get in the car and this is a regular routine all the way down, . . . You understand, like there is three shifts. Every shift must get his pay, no one shift for the whole term, the whole 24 hours. There is three shift changes . . .

A woman from the same community described what happens when heroin activity is reported to the police:

> We have seen people buy and sell the dope. We have seen them bring the dope in. We call the police department. They ask your name, phone number, and what apartment you are in. . . . In the meantime if you go around police headquarters you will find my name there about 50,000 times. I called and they ask your name. First I wouldn't tell them. They tell the addicts somehow. They come to your house and do things to you. They push your door in, and they beat your children up or they give your children a needle.

In April the Justice Department established a "heroin hotline": a toll-free number (800-368-5363) which citizens can call from anywhere in the United States to report suspected narcotics traffic without revealing their own identity. Although 33,000 phone calls were received in its first three-and-a-half months of operation, only 5200 were considered "serious calls." These calls, in turn, led to the arrest of 14 persons and the seizure of four-and-a-half kilograms of marijuana, 3300 doses of LSD but only two grams of heroin. The Justice Department has awarded a Madison Avenue firm a $124,000 contract to publicize the hotline.

"Once the opium poppy is cut and the opium gum is diverted to the illicit market and processed into heroin," concludes one General Accounting Office study, "it is a formidable task to prevent the heroin from entering the United States." The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and the Customs Bureau have made modest increases in their worldwide strength, and diplomatic efforts are being made to induce other governments to cooperate in eradicating illicit opium cultivation. These efforts, unfortunately, have so far been unsuccessful because the governments of Burma, Thailand and Laos, for example, cannot control the Golden Triangle where remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's defeated army rule the opium trade like "warlords" (to use one government official's characterization).

If the US is to face up to the magnitude of the heroin supply problem, it will have to realize the limits of the conventional methods it is now using and consider some unconventional ones. If American reconnaissance satellites can pinpoint the location of Russian missiles, might they not also be able to locate opium fields? If the governments responsible for opium-growing areas cannot control them, the United States might be able to assist these nations with its technology and resources. We used defoliants and other chemical agents to destroy trees in Vietnam; perhaps that same technology might be used to destroy the opium poppy. The heroin supply is too vast to be controlled by ordinary means.

COMING: John Osborne reviews the first four years of the Nixon presidency

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An Interview with Oriana Fallaci

KISSINGER

In his White House office, November 4, Henry Kissinger talked with the distinguished Italian journalist, Oriana Fallaci, and his remarkable taped conversation with her, reprinted in full here, first appeared in the magazine L'Europeo. *"Why I agreed to it," Mr. Kissinger later commented, "I'll never know."*

The Editors

Fallaci: I wonder what your feelings are, these last few days, Dr. Kissinger. I wonder if you too are disappointed, like us, like most of the world. Are you disappointed, Dr. Kissinger?

Kissinger: Disappointed? Why? What has happened, within the last few days, to disappoint me?

Q: Something unpleasant, Dr. Kissinger: although you said that peace was "within reach," and although you confirmed that an agreement with the North Vietnamese had been drawn up, peace has not come. The war goes on as before, and worse than before.

A: There will be peace. We're determined to obtain it and we shall have it. It will come within a few weeks or even less, *i.e.* immediately following the resumption of negotiations with the North Vietnamese for the final agreement. This is what I said ten days ago and I repeat it. Yes, we'll have peace within a reasonable period if Hanoi accepts another meeting before signing the agreement, a meeting to define the details, and if they accept it in the same spirit and with the same attitude adopted in October. Those "ifs" are the only uncertainty of the last few days. An uncertainty, however, that I refuse even to consider; you are giving in to panic, and one shouldn't panic in cases like this. Nor succumb to impatience. The fact is that . . . Well, we've been conducting these negotiations for months, and you newspaper people wouldn't take them seriously. You kept on saying they wouldn't end in anything concrete. Then, suddenly, you proclaimed that peace was already around the corner, and now, finally, you say the negotiations have failed. That way you take our temperature every day, four times a day. But you take it from Hanoi's point of view. And . . . please take note, I understand Hanoi's point of view. The North Vietnamese wanted us to sign on October 31: a proposition that was reasonable and unreasonable at the same time and . . . No, I don't want to engage in polemics on this subject.

Q: But had you actually engaged to sign on October 31?

A: I say and repeat that they were the ones who insisted on this date and that, to avoid an abstract debate about dates that seemed in fact merely theoretical at the time, we replied that we'd make every effort to conclude the negotiations within October 31. But it was always clear, to us at least, that we wouldn't be able to sign an agreement until the last details had been discussed. We couldn't be expected to respect a date merely because, in good faith, we had promised to exert every effort to do so. So where does that put us? At the point where those details still need to be discussed and a further meeting is indispensable. They say it isn't indispensable, that it isn't even necessary. I maintain it is indispensable and that it will take place. It will take place as soon as the North Vietnamese summon me to Paris. But this is only November 4, today is November 4, and I can quite understand the North Vietnamese not wishing to resume negotiations just a few days after the date on which they had asked us to sign. I can understand this adjournment on their part. But it isn't conceivable, to me at least, that they should refuse to agree to a further meeting. Especially now, when we have already covered ninety percent of the road and are near our destination. No, I'm not disappointed. I should be, certainly, were Hanoi to break the agreement, were Hanoi to refuse to discuss any alterations. But, no, I can't believe it. I can't even suspect that we've come so far only to fail on a matter of prestige, of procedures, of dates, of nuances.

Q: And yet, it looks as if they've really stiffened, Dr. Kissinger. They've reverted to a harsh vocabulary, they've proffered serious, almost insulting charges against you . . .

A: Oh, that doesn't mean a thing. It's happened before and we've never paid any attention. I'd say that serious charges, even insults, are part of a normal picture. Essentially, nothing has changed. Since Tuesday October 31, since, that is, we've calmed down here, you keep on asking me whether the patient is ill. But I can discover no illness. And I really believe things will fall out more or less as I claim. Peace, I repeat, will come within a matter of weeks after talks are resumed;

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not within a matter of months. Within a matter of weeks.

Q: But when will talks be resumed? That's the point.

A: Whenever Le Duc Tho wants to meet me. I'm here, waiting. But without any anxiety, believe me. For God's sake! Before, two or three weeks used to elapse between each meeting! I don't see why we should get the wind up now if we have to wait a few days. The only reason for the nervous tension that has seized you all is that people are wondering: "Will talks really be resumed?" When you were cynical and didn't believe anything would happen, you didn't notice time passing. You were over-pessimistic at the beginning, and over-optimistic after my press conference, and now you're over-pessimistic again. You refuse to realize that everything is proceeding as I always thought it would from the moment I declared that peace was at hand. I calculated it would take a couple of weeks then, if I'm not mistaken. But even if it were to take more . . . Enough, I don't want to talk of Vietnam any more. I can't afford to at the present time. Every word I utter makes the headlines. At the end of November, perhaps . . . Look, why don't we meet again at the end of November?

Q: Because it's more interesting now, Dr. Kissinger. Because Thieu, for instance, defied you to talk. Please read this cutting from The New York Times. *It carries Thieu's words: "Why don't you ask Kissinger what issues we differ on, what points I refuse to accept?"*

A: Let me see it . . . Oh! No, I shan't answer him. I shan't respond to his invitation.

Q: He's already given his own answer, Dr. Kissinger. He's already told the world that the disagreement stems from the fact that, according to the terms accepted by you, the North Vietnamese troops will remain in South Vietnam. Dr. Kissinger, do you believe you'll ever be able to win over Thieu? Do you think the United States will be compelled to sign a separate treaty with Hanoi?

A: Don't ask me that. I have to stick to what I said in public ten days ago. I cannot, I must not consider a hypothesis that I don't believe will materialize, a hypothesis that must not materialize. All I can tell you is that we are determined to make peace, and that we will make it within as short a delay as possible, after my next meeting with Le Duc Tho. Thieu may say what he likes. It's his business.

Q: Dr. Kissinger, if I put a pistol to your head and enjoined you to choose between a dinner with Thieu and a dinner with Le Duc Tho . . . which would you choose?

A: That's a question I can't answer.

Q: What if I were to answer it saying I like to think you would prefer to dine with Le Duc Tho?

A: I can't, I can't . . . I don't want to answer that question.

Q: Can you answer this question then: did you like Le Duc Tho?

A: Yes. I found in him a man deeply dedicated to his cause, very serious, very strong, and always courteous, well-bred. Sometimes, too, very hard, difficult to come to terms with, in fact. But this is something I've always respected in him. Yes, I feel great respect for Le Duc Tho. Of course, we met on strictly professional terms, but I believe, I believe I could feel a certain softening in the background. It's a fact, for instance, that at times we even managed to crack a joke together. We said that one day I might go to lecture on international relations at Hanoi University and that he would come to Harvard to lecture on Marxism-Leninism. Well, I should say our rapport was good.

Q: Would you say the same of Thieu?

A: I had a good rapport with Thieu too, at first.

Q: Exactly, at first. The South Vietnamese said this time you didn't greet each other like the best of friends.

A: What did they say?

Q: Yes. Would you deny it, Dr. Kissinger?

A: Well of course we had and still have our own points of view, and not necessarily the same points of view. Let's say Thieu and I greeted each other like allies.

Q: Dr. Kissinger, it is now obvious that Thieu is a harder nut to crack than formerly thought. As regards Thieu, do you feel you've achieved as much as you could or do you still hope to do something more? In one word: are you optimistic as regards the Thieu problem?

A: Yes, I do feel optimistic! I've still got something to do! Lots to do! I have by no means finished, we have by no means finished! And I don't feel powerless. I don't feel discouraged. Not at all. I feel prepared, confident. Optimistic. Even if I can't speak of Thieu, even if I can't tell you what we're doing at this point in the negotiations, that doesn't mean that I'm about to lose confidence in my ability to tie everything up within the delay I've mentioned. That's why it's useless for Thieu to ask you journalists to make me list the points we disagree about. It's so useless that his plea doesn't even irritate me. Besides, I'm not one of those people that allow themselves to be swayed by their emotions. Emotions are of no use. Least of all are they of any use in helping one to attain peace.

Q: But the dying, those that may die, are in a hurry, Dr. Kissinger. There was a dreadful picture in this morning's

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papers: a picture of a very young Vietcong who died two days after October 31. There was also a horrifying news item: about the twenty-two Americans shot down in their helicopter by a Vietcong grenade three days after October 31. And while you condemn haste, the American Department of Defense is sending fresh arms and munitions to Thieu. Hanoi is doing the same.

A: That was unavoidable. It always happens before a cease-fire. Don't you remember the maneuvers in the Middle East at the time of the cease-fire? They lasted for two years, to say the least. You know, the fact that we're sending Saigon arms and that Hanoi is sending arms to the North Vietnamese quartered in South Vietnam means nothing. Nothing. Nothing. And don't make me talk of Vietnam any more, please.

Q: Won't you even talk of the fact that, according to some, the agreement you and Nixon have accepted is, to all practical purposes, an act of surrender to Hanoi?

A: That's absurd! It's absurd to say that President Nixon, a President who, towards the Soviet Union and Communist China, and on the eve of his own election has taken up a stance of assistance and defense as regards South Vietnam against what he considered a North Vietnamese invasion . . . it's absurd to think that such a President could surrender to Hanoi. And why should he surrender now? What we have done is not a surrender. What we have done is give South Vietnam an opportunity to survive under conditions that are, today, political rather than military. It is now up to the South Vietnamese to win the political contest awaiting them, as we have always maintained. If you compare the agreement we have accepted with our proposals of May 8 last, you will see that it's almost the same thing. There are no great differences between what we proposed last May and what the draft of the accepted agreement contains. We haven't added new clauses, we haven't made new concessions. I totally and absolutely reject the opinion of a "surrender." But that's really enough about Vietnam now. Let's talk of Machiavelli, Cicero, anything except Vietnam.

Q: Let's talk of war, Dr. Kissinger. You're not a pacifist, are you?

A: No, I really don't think I am. Even if I respect genuine pacifists, I don't agree with any pacifist and especially with half-and-half pacifists: you know, those that are pacifists one way and anything but the other. The only pacifists I agree to talk to are those that bear the consequences of non-violence right to the end: but even to them I talk willingly merely to tell them that they will be crushed by the will of those that are strong and that their pacifism can lead to nothing but horrible suffering. War is not an abstraction: it's something depending on prevailing conditions. The war against Hitler, for instance, was a necessary one. By that I don't mean that war is necessary as such, that nations have to wage war to preserve their virility. What I mean is that there are certain principles for which nations must be ready to fight.

Q: And what can you tell me about the war in Vietnam, Dr. Kissinger? You have never been against it, have you?

A: How could I be? Even before I occupied the position I occupy today . . . No, I have never been against the war in Vietnam.

Q: But don't you think [Arthur] Schlesinger is right when he says that all the war in Vietnam has managed to prove is that half a million Americans, with all their technology, were unable to defeat poorly armed men dressed in black pajamas?

A: That's a different problem. If it is a problem whether the war in Vietnam was necessary, a just war, rather than . . . Opinions of that kind depend on the position one takes up when the country is already caught up in the war and all there remains is to devise a method to extricate it. After all, my, our part has been to reduce increasingly America's involvement in the war, and then terminate the war. Eventually, history will judge who achieved most: whether those who merely criticized or we who tried to reduce the war and then ended it. Yes, judgment belongs to posterity. When a country is involved in a war, it's not enough to say: we must put a stop to it. One must end it wisely. And that's very different from stating that we were right to start the war.

Q: But, Dr. Kissinger, don't you think it was a useless war?

A: I may agree. But don't forget the reason why we started that war was to prevent the North gobbling up the South, to enable the South to hold on to its territory. Of course, by that I don't mean that we had no other aim; it was something more as well. But today I am not in a position to judge whether the war in Vietnam was a just one or not, whether it was useful or useless for us to become involved in it. But are we still talking of Vietnam?

Q: Yes, and, still concerning Vietnam, do you think you might say that these negotiations have been and are the most important undertaking in your career, or even in your life?

A: The most difficult undertaking. Often, too, the most painful. But maybe it isn't right to describe them as the most difficult undertaking: it is more accurate to say that they have been the most painful undertaking. Because they involved me emotionally. You see, approaching China was a difficult task from an intellectual point of view, but not emotionally difficult. Peace in Vietnam, on the other hand, has been an emotion-

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ally difficult task. As for describing those negotiations as the most important thing I've ever done . . . No, what I wanted to achieve wasn't merely peace in Vietnam: it was three things. This agreement, the *rapprochement* with China and a new relationship with the Soviet Union. I have always attached great importance to the problem of a new relationship with the Soviet Union. No less, I might say, than to the *rapprochement* with China and the end of the war in Vietnam.

Q: And you've done it. You succeeded with China, you succeeded with Russia, you almost succeeded with peace in Vietnam. So, at this point, Dr. Kissinger, I'll ask you the same question I asked the astronauts when they were flying to the Moon: "What next? What will you do after the Moon, what more can you do than your astronaut's job?"

A: Oh! And what did the astronauts answer?

Q: The question bewildered them, and they answered: "We'll see . . . I don't know."

A: Neither do I. I really don't know what I'll do afterwards. However, unlike the astronauts, I'm not bewildered. I've always found so many things to do in life and I'm certain that when I leave this job . . . Of course, I'll need some time to recuperate, a decompression period; one can't be in the position I now occupy, then leave it and begin something else at once. However, once decompressed, I'm certain of finding a worthwhile job. I don't want to think about it now. It could influence my . . . my work. We are living in such a revolutionary period that to plan one's life, nowadays, is to revert to a Victorian middle-class mentality.

Q: Would you go back to teaching at Harvard?

A: I might. But it's very, very unlikely. There are more interesting things. And if, after all the experience I've acquired, I'm unable to keep on leading an interesting life, it will be my own fault entirely. Besides, I've by no means decided to give up this job yet. You know, I enjoy it very much.

Q: Naturally. Power is always seductive. Dr. Kissinger, to what extent does power fascinate you? Try to be sincere.

A: I will be. You see, when one wields power, and when one has it for a long time, one ends up thinking one has a right to it. I'm sure that when I leave this job I shall feel the lack of power. However, power as an instrument in its own right has no fascination for me. I don't wake up every morning exclaiming by God, isn't it extraordinary that I am able to dispose of a plane, that a car with a driver waits at my door? Who would have thought it possible? No, I'm not interested in such reflections. And if I do happen to entertain them, they certainly never become a determinating factor. What interests me is what one can achieve with power. Splendid things, believe me . . . However, it is not the craving for power that has spurred me on to take this job. If you examine my political past, you will discover that President Nixon couldn't have been included in my plans. I've been against him in three elections.

Q: I know. You even once declared that Nixon "wasn't suited to be President." Does this fact ever make you feel embarrassment in Nixon's presence, Dr. Kissinger?

A: I don't remember the exact words I may have used against Nixon. I presume that is more or less what I must have said, since the phrase is constantly quoted between inverted commas. However, if I did say it, it's a proof that Nixon was not included in my plans for a rise to power. As for feeling embarrassment in his presence . . . No, I didn't know him, that's all. My attitude towards him was the conventional highbrow one, that's all. I was wrong. President Nixon has shown great strength, great skill. In summoning me to his side, too. I had never met him when he offered me this job. I was astonished. After all, he was acquainted with the unfriendly and unsympathetic attitude I had always assumed towards him. Yes indeed, he showed great courage in turning to me.

Q: He made a good deal, Dr. Kissinger. Except for the charge people proffer against you today, that you are Nixon's mental nurse.

A: It is an utterly senseless charge. We mustn't forget that, before he ever met me, President Nixon had been very active in matters of foreign policy. It had always been his consuming interest. Even before he was elected it was obvious that foreign policy mattered greatly to him. He has very clear ideas on the subject. He is a strong character. Besides, a weakling would never have been twice nominated presidential candidate, would never have survived in politics for so long. You can think what you like of President Nixon, but one thing is certain: you don't become President of the United States twice running because you're another man's tool. Such interpretations are romantic and unjust.

Q: You're very fond of him, Dr. Kissinger, aren't you?

A: I have great respect for him.

Q: Dr. Kissinger, people say you don't care about Nixon. They say all you care about is the job you are doing. They say you'd have done it under any president.

A: I on the other hand, am not at all so sure I could have done what I've done with him with another president. Such a special relationship, I mean the relationship between the President and me, always depends on the style of both men. In other words, I don't know many leaders, and I've met several, who would have

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the courage to send their aide to Peking without telling anyone. I don't know many leaders who would entrust to their aide the task of negotiating with the North Vietnamese, informing only a tiny group of people of the initiative. Really, some things depend on the type of president. What I've done was acheived because he made it possible for me to do it.

Q: And yet, you have been an adviser to other presidents too, presidents who were Nixon's opponents, in fact. I mean Kennedy, Johnson.

A: My position towards all presidents has always been the same: I let them decide whether they wanted my opinion or not. When they asked for it, I gave it to them, telling them all, indiscriminately, what I thought. I was never concerned with what party they belonged to. I answered Kennedy's, Johnson's and Nixon's questions with the same independence. I gave them the same advice. There was some difficulty in Kennedy's case, true. In fact, people usually state that I disagreed with him. Well, yes, it was my fault, in substance. I was much too immature at the time. Moreover, I was only a part-time adviser; one can't hope to influence a president's day-to-day politics if one only meets him twice a week while there are others who see him every day. I mean that in Kennedy's and Johnson's time I was never in a comparable position to the one I now enjoy with Nixon.

Q: Not Machiavellian by any chance, Dr. Kissinger?

A: No, not at all. Why?

Q: Oh, only that, listening to you, one sometimes wonders not how much you have influenced the President of the United States, but to what extent you have been influenced by Machiavelli.

A: To none whatever. There is really very little of Machiavelli's one can accept or use in the contemporary world. The one thing I find interesting in Machiavelli is his estimate of the Prince's will. Interesting, but not such as to influence me. If you want to know who has influenced me most, I'll answer with two philosophers' names: Spinoza and Kant. Which makes it all the more peculiar that you choose to associate me with Machiavelli. Most people associate me with Metternich. And that is childish. My only connection with Metternich is a book I wrote: it was to be the first volume in a lengthy study of the construction and disintegration of international order in the nineteenth century. The series was to cover the whole period up to the first world war, that's all. There can be nothing in common between me and Metternich. He was chancellor and foreign minister at a time when it took three weeks to travel from Central Europe to the ends of the continent. He was chancellor and foreign minister at a time when wars were conducted by professional soldiers and diplomacy was in the hands of the aristocracy. How can one compare such conditions with the ones prevailing in today's world, a world where there is no homogeneous group of leaders, no homogeneous internal situation and no homogeneous cultural background?

Q: But, Dr. Kissinger, how do you explain your incredible superstar status, how do you explain the fact that you have become almost more famous and popular than a president? Have you any theories?

A: Yes, but I won't tell you what they are. Because they don't coincide with the common theory. Intelligence, for instance. Intelligence is not all that important in the exercise of power, and is often, in point of fact, useless. Just as a leader doesn't need intelligence, a man in my job doesn't need too much of it either. My theory is quite different, but, I repeat, I won't tell you what it is. Why should I, while I'm still in the middle of my job? Instead, you tell me yours. I'm sure you too have some theory on the reasons for my popularity.

Q: I'm not sure, Dr. Kissinger. I'm looking for a theory in this interview. But I haven't found one yet. I expect the root of all lies in success. What I mean is, like a chess player you've made two or three clever moves. China, first of all. People admire a chess player who makes away with his opponent's king.

A: Yes, China was an important element in the mechanics of my success. And yet, that isn't the main point. The main point . . . Well, why not? I'll tell you. What do I care after all? The main point stems from the fact that I've always acted alone. Americans admire that enormously. Americans admire the cowboy leading the caravan alone astride his horse, the cowboy entering a village or city alone on his horse. Without even a pistol, maybe, because he doesn't go in for shooting. He acts, that's all: aiming at the right spot at the right time. A Wild West tale, if you like.

Q: I see. You see yourself as a kind of Henry Fonda, unarmed and ready to fight with his bare fists for honest ideals. Solitary, brave.

A: Not necessarily brave. This cowboy doesn't need courage. It's enough that he be alone, that he show others how he enters the village alone and does everything on his own. This romantic, surprising character suits me, because being alone has always been part of my style, or of my technique if you prefer. Independence too. Yes, that's very important to me and in me. And, finally, conviction. I am always convinced of the necessity of whatever I'm doing. And people feel that, believe in it. And I attach great importance to being believed: when one persuades or conquers someone, one mustn't deceive them. Nor can one do everything by calculation alone. Some believe I carefully plan whatever consequences on the public one of my initiatives or efforts may have. They believe that is a con-

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stant preoccupation of mine. On the contrary, the consequences of my actions, I mean public opinion's verdict, have never worried me. I'm not asking for popularity, I'm not seeking it. In fact, if you really want to know, I care nothing for popularity. I'm not at all afraid of losing my public support, I can afford to say what I think. I am referring to what is genuine in me. If I let myself be perturbed by public reaction, if I acted merely on the basis of a calculated technique, I should achieve nothing. Take actors, for instance, the really good ones don't rely on mere technique. They also follow their feelings when they play a part. Like me, they are genuine. I don't mean to say that all this will last forever. In fact, it may evaporate as quickly as it came. But for the time being it's there.

Q: Are you trying to tell me, Dr. Kissinger, that you're a spontaneous person? Heavens: if I'm not to think of Machiavelli, the first type my mind associates you with is a mathematician, someone who is almost spasmodically cold and controlled. I may be mistaken, but I believe you're a very cold man, Dr. Kissinger.

A: In tactics, not in strategy. In fact, I believe in human relations more than in ideas. I make use of ideas, but I need human relations, as I've shown in my work. After all, didn't what has happened to me happen by chance? For God's sake, I was a totally unknown professor, wasn't I? How could I possibly tell myself: "Now I'm going to fix things so as to become an international celebrity"? It would have been pure folly. I wanted to be where the action is, true, but I never paid a price to get there. I never made any concessions. I have always been guided by spontaneous decisions. One might retort: then it happened because it had to happen. That's what people always say when things have happened. One never hears it said of things that haven't happened; nobody has ever written the history of things that haven't happened. In a sense, however, I am a fatalist. I believe in fate. True, I believe one must fight to attain a goal. But I also believe there are limits to the fight a man may engage in to reach his goal.

Q: Another thing, Dr. Kissinger: how do you reconcile the tremendous responsibilities you have shouldered with the frivolous reputation you enjoy? How can you succeed in being taken seriously by Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and Le Duc Tho on one hand and be judged a carefree Don Juan or even playboy on the other? Doesn't it embarrass you?

A: Not at all. Why should it embarrass me when I go off to negotiate with Le Duc Tho? When I'm talking to Le Duc Tho, I know how to behave with Le Duc Tho, and when I'm with a girl, I know how to behave with a girl. Besides, Le Duc Tho isn't agreeing to negotiate with me because I'm an example of all the moral virtues. He agrees to negotiate with me because he wants certain things from me as I do from him. As a matter of fact, in case of Le Duc Tho, as with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, I believe my playboy reputation has been and still is useful, because it has helped and helps to reassure people, to show them I'm not a museum piece. In any case, my frivolous reputation amuses me.

Q: And to think I believed it undeserved, a put-on act rather than the truth.

A: Well, it's partly overdone, of course. But it's partly, let's admit it, true. What counts is not how true it is or how much time I devote to women. What counts is to what extent women are part of my life, a central preoccupation. Well, they aren't that at all. To me women are no more than a pastime, a hobby. Nobody devotes too much time to a hobby. Moreover, my engagement book is there to show I only devote a limited portion of my time to them. What's more, I often prefer to visit my two children. I still see them often, although less frequently than before. As a rule I spend Christmas, other holidays and several weeks in summer with them, and I go to Boston once a month to see them. You probably know I've been divorced for several years. No, being divorced doesn't bother me. The fact that I don't live with my children doesn't give me any guilt complexes. Since my marriage was through, and not owing to any fault on either side, there was no reason not to divorce. Besides, I'm much closer to my children now than when I was their mother's husband. I'm also much happier in their company now.

Q: Are you against marriage, Dr. Kissinger?

A: No. The problem of marriage for or against is a dilemma that can be solved as a question of principle. I might marry again . . . oh, yes, I might. However, you know, for a serious person like me, after all, it is very difficult to co-exist with someone else and to survive such co-existence. The relationship between a woman and a man of my type is unavoidably very complex. One must be cautious. Oh, how hard it is for me to explain these things. I'm not a person that usually confides in journalists.

Q: So I gather, Dr. Kissinger. I've never interviewed anyone that evaded close questions and definitions like you, anyone that defended themselves as strenuously as you from attempts to penetrate their personality. Are you shy, by any chance, Dr. Kissinger?

A: Yes, I am rather. On the other hand, however, I believe I'm fairly well balanced. You see, there are those that describe me as a mysterious, tormented character, and others who see me as a merry guy always smiling, always laughing. Both these images are untrue. I'm neither the one nor the other. I'm . . . No, I won't tell you what I am. I'll never tell anyone.

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JULES FEIFFER

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Not I
(Forum)

Enemies
(Beaumont)

Samuel Beckett's new play runs about 20 minutes and is for two "characters": Mouth and Auditor. As produced by Alan Schneider in its world premiere, the setting is an arena of large, almost total blackness. A small bright beam of light picks out the very red mouth of a woman at one side; on the other side, a dim beam picks out a grotesquely tall, hooded and draped dark figure. A mouth and a pillar of dark presence, both in a black cosmos; that is all. The mouth begins to speak before we see it, speaks without pause while the light is on it, and continues to speak as the light goes.

That's really what the play is about, the images that are described above. Much has been said of Beckett's distillation of language and action until his writing is, figuratively, just this side of nonexistence. Little is said of the gift with which his plays begin: his ability to *see theatrically*. I'm not about to legislate on the creative sequence, in his mind, of philosophy or language or dramatic imagery; I doubt that Beckett himself could decide. But I'm positive that the catalyst in the process is his power to conceive of matters in a theater that will make the intangible visible.

The words that pour in torment from the woman's mouth are not nonsense, although the sequence of sentences is disjointed often. On first hearing, without a script for reference, the talk seems to be concerned with an Irishwoman, who thinks she is "sixty—no, seventy," who has been involved in some sort of legal trial, and who keeps talking on and on—in a self-convolution—against the wishes of her own mouth who wishes "she" would be quiet. The tone of voice is pure agony. From time to time the high, hooded figure across the arena raises his hands and drops them in helpless sympathy.

From the verbal torrent, though perfectly lucid phrase by phrase, comes not content but pattern—of rhythm and repetition, like themes in music. These rhythms and returns seem to be the purpose of the long utterance. Presumably, if he had thought the audience could be kept from giggling, Beckett would have used *vocalise* such as singers use, mere sounds on certain notes and in certain rhythms.

The tormented tone, the mysterious picture, these are what the play is "about," I think. My own further view, not provable as Beckett's intent but still one for which I'm grateful to him, is that the blackness is the inside of the mind, the voice is that of "she" herself, which "she" cannot stop, and the hooded figure is a testament of failed control. A Freudian might call it a portrait of a wounded id and an impotent ego.

"Portrait" is the apt synesthetic term here. This play is just long enough temporally to make it register spatially. The final effect, to which the words themselves contribute, is of abstract painting: a band of bright red-and-yellow (the mouth and chin which seem to move in a horizontal sweep, although they are fixed of course) and a vertical band of grayish black (the hooded figure), both laid across the ground of depthless black. Rothko and Newman are the names that come first to mind. For all I know, Beckett may never have heard of either, but that surely is irrelevant. The worlds he inhabits include theirs. Out of it all he has fashioned a brief sharp visible cry of loss.

Jessica Tandy, unseen except for her mouth, gushes the words very well with a sustained pitch of anguish and clear phrasing.

This is one of four short Beckett plays being done in repertory at the Lincoln Center Forum, two to a bill. With *Not I* they are showing *Krapp's Last Tape* with Hume Cronyn. As usual, Cronyn is effective enough when disguised with crotchets (the old Krapp) and is somewhat phony when more or less himself (the 39-year-old Krapp on tape).

The other bill consists, first, of *Happy Days*, in which Tandy is simply inadequate to the demands of that virtually solo part. She lacks sufficient vocal and internal range. Then, in *Act Without Words 1*, Cronyn performs a solo, gymnastically competent but mimetically crude.

All four plays were directed by Alan Schneider. His career is closely identified with the best dramatists, but his work, as here, often lacks subtlety and sensitivity.

Upstairs at Lincoln Center, in the Beaumont, they are presenting Gorky's *Enemies*. This was a depressing experience for me. I first saw this play (same translation) last year in London, presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company under David Jones. I knew it was about worker-boss conflict in 1905, and I went with apprehension, expecting hammer-and-nail propaganda; but doing my duty to Gorky. It was surprisingly good.

(continued on page 36)

Films Worth Seeing

Chloe in the Afternoon. Eric Rohmer's sixth Moral Tale concludes his series of gentle, esthetic insistences that there is more to love and sex than modernist reductions.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. The New old Buñuel slyly slices open his favorite victims with diabolic wit to reveal—us.

The Emigrants. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullman in a well-made narrative of Swedes leaving Sweden for the US in 1844.

The Ruling Class. Peter O'Toole and a superb cast in a messy but well-written satire about a religious maniac who succeeds to an earldom.

La Salamandre. A funny, grave, important film. Two TV documentary writers want to write a script about a workingclass girl, but her reality is too much for them. Swiss, believe it or not.

The Sorrow and the Pity. Four and a half fine hours of documentary about wartime France and some survivors.

Why. Nanni Loy directs the excellent Alberto Sordi as a man who plunges, through judicial error, into the seven circles of Italian prison hell. Forget concocted horror films; this is real horror. SK

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Peter Brooks on art

Meeting of Poet and Painter

Christmas is coming, the books are getting fat. And few fatter than this superluxurious two-volume Matisse, with its 541 illustrations, 155 of them in color. It is all very sumptuous, and the quality of color reproduction high—though not adequate to Matisse, and the volumes are marred by some sloppinesses in production. Yet this is not the standard cof-

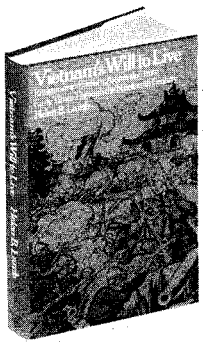
Henri Matisse
by Aragon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 2 vols., $75)

fee-table art book. The illustrations this time are chosen to support and exemplify a text. There is a real working relationship between text and image: the book is constructed, and not simply (despite the overblown price) a piece of commercial packaging. It's not, on the other hand, properly a piece of art criticism: it isn't analytical, it doesn't attempt to give any coherent picture of Matisse's career, or any estimate of his place in the history of modern painting. It is rather a personal meditation by a poet and novelist, whose own place in 20th-century letters has at least minor distinction, on an artist whom he admired from youth, then finally met, to establish a rather formal friendship, dialogue and collaboration. The result is this marriage of a series of texts composed over a period of 27 years with a profusion of images, constituting what Aragon prefers to call a novel, with Matisse evidently the protagonist.

The book can be seen as belonging to a long and more or less glorious French tradition: the Meeting of the Poet and the Painter. Diderot and Greuze, Baudelaire and Delacroix, Valéry and Degas are among the most distinguished couplings that come to mind. To append oneself to this tradition is not without its dangers, and Aragon's effort is inevitably marked by a certain pretentiousness. This is in part a product of the excessive nonchalance of the form: an assemblage of several different fragments written on different occasions (for periodicals, catalogues, lectures), interspersed with more recent notes on the older material, plus, sometimes, comments by Matisse himself, followed by Aragon's comments on the comments. There is a kind of implicit claim that every word generated by the Meeting is worth pietistic preservation. In fact, different strata of the text are of differing value, running from the merely celebratory to the illuminating. A dispassionate editorial eye would have done no harm.

Yet, all told, the Meeting comes off, and both Aragon's text and his choice of images provide considerable insight into Matisse's creative processes. By the time the two met in fact—in 1941, in wartime Nice—Matisse was already in his 70s, yet standing on the threshold of further innovation and renewal as important as the breakthrough of Fauvism which he led some 35 years earlier. He says to Aragon, "I have been working at my craft for a long time, and it's just as if up till now I had only been learning things, elaborating my means of expression." And, in a further remark which looks forward to the great paper cut-outs of the late '40s and early '50s, and the audacious simplicity of the Vence Chapel: "It's just as if I were someone who is preparing to tackle large-scale composition." The presence of Matisse is impressive in these pages. It is not so much his presence as a man—we see very little of the private man in Aragon's text: even in the chapter on "Pain," he remains curiously distant, formalized—but as a hero of art, someone whose dedication to his medium, its rules and possibilities, is so total that one understands at once why he should become, even to younger, avant-garde generations, the modern painter who mattered most. What Aragon conveys well is the gravity of a heroism that comes from an exploration to their outer limits of the means of expression of an art, the patient, unceasing reinvention of the language of painting.

It is in his attention to this language that Aragon is most valuable, most consistently serious and illuminating. He doesn't talk the language of art criticism, he offers little compositional analysis. He is, on the other hand, intelligently aware of the unbridgeable gap between written language, however poetic and evocative, and the painterly language. Through this awareness, he is able to evoke, indirectly but cogently, the painter's sign system, his vocabulary and



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syntax. "The importance of an artist," Matisse tells him, "is to be measured by the number of new signs he has introduced into the language of art." Matisse explains and illustrates some of the signs he has perfected: the sign-for-a-hand, the sign-for-a-mouth, propounding the ways in which representation must simultaneously obey the laws of mimesis and the laws of its own syntax. "I don't paint things," Matisse states, "I only paint the differences between things." The sentence suggests by implication the postulate of modern structural linguistics that sense is created by oppositions and spacings. Aragon—whose first allegiance, as a surrealist, was to modern literature's most audacious play with language—is sensitive to the importance of such a principle of analysis, to the idea of meaning generated from a relational field. He doesn't ever really undertake a systematic "linguistic" discussion of Matisse's work, but his remarks on the use of line and color, his extrapolations from Matisse's own reticent comments, are suggestive. They let us glimpse, at least, the dynamic of the process by which Matisse was to spend a lifetime in anxious daily experimentation, painting over, simplifying, correcting color values and spaces, reaching finally the art of the scissors, the bold *découpage* of form and meaning.

From his concern with Matisse's signs, Aragon is led into a reverie over the objects which, like faithful servants, people Matisse's canvases through the years: vases, a pewter pitcher, three or four armchairs, a ceramic pot inscribed Tabac Royal, and so on. Aragon assembles them for group photographs and juxtaposes their photographic existence to their artistic transformations. This is all a bit coy. Yet it has its point. We do gain a feeling for the painter's own reverie over objects, both his reaction to their sensuous presence and his search for syntactic arrangements. We are brought close to what Wallace Stevens called "The poem of the mind in the act of finding/What will suffice."

Aragon is at home in the atelier, following the labor and exaltation of appearances recorded and fixed. He gives, for instance, different versions of the same painting (Matisse would often have a version photographed before proceeding to paint over it), and groups paintings that are thematically or structurally analogous. Then, in a sequence called "The Comedy of the Model," he shows Matisse, in a series of photographs, during a drawing session, where the model becomes, as Matisse puts it, the focus of the painter's energy. The focus exists only to provide a leaping-off point: the model is necessary, Matisse contends, so that he may depart from it. Some of Aragon's most interesting pages turn on this question, the problem of "Theme and Variations," and "Likeness" in portraiture. He shows the creation of the "theme" picture, slowly elaborated from the model in charcoal. Then come the variations, in pen-and-ink or pencil, where the hand moves rapidly, with strokes of radical simplicity. "Every face has its individual rhythm," Matisse has written; and in these "inspired" drawings, that rhythm is fixed as a hieroglyph of character.

The problem of likeness and representation leads—one might almost say seduces—Aragon into a meditation whose point of origin is one Madame de Senonnes, a rich and evidently sensual bourgeoise whose portrait, by Ingres, hangs in the Nantes Museum. With Matisse's own authorization, Aragon sees her as the mythic progenitor of a certain type of sensuality that preoccupied the painter, a type marked by a swelling in the base of the throat—a condition of thyroid deficiency, remarked by medical commentators on Ingres—and by a particular voluptuousness. Madame de Senonnes becomes Aragon's means for linking together, in a kind of demonstrative chain, Matisse's superbly and serenely voluptuous portraits and odalisques. The result is something close to the best pages Aragon did, nearer his surrealist days, in such a book as *Le Paysan de Paris:* a rich, arcane, subterranean illumination of a creative fixation.

One of Aragon's fragments is the "Defence of Luxury" which, some 20 years ago, provoked Alfred H. Barr (in his ma-

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jor study of Matisse) to ironic commentary: a committed communist who must in defending Matisse provide an apologia for luxury! But the point is that Aragon has not felt his communism to be in opposition to his sensuality and his feeling for the voluptuous presence of the world, which he so admires in Matisse. And the point is further that Matisse, whom we think of as preeminently the painter of interiors, of bright, high-windowed rooms opening onto sun-filled gardens, and of a rich profusion of objects, bursting flowers and fruits, is only superficially the preserver and celebrator of a bourgeois world of luxurious objects. As Aragon notes, the luxury is in the creation itself. It is the beauty of things made available through the patient, ever-renewed elaboration of signs for things—of their syntactic equivalents, of a painterly language which strives toward the Baudelairian *"luxe, calme et volupté."* And as the perfect simplicity of the last work—the Vence Chapel, the paper cut-outs—suggests, the objects and the richness were always there simply as the imaginative support of a supremely balanced and luminous art.

No Politicking in Poll Areas

The Gallup Poll

by George H. Gallup

(Random House; $95)

Reading 38 years of Gallup Poll results (in three large volumes totaling 2400 pages) is a happier siege than you'd think. There is, to be sure, no great exhilaration in discovering that 81 percent of Minnesota approved Harold Stassen for governor in September of 1938, or that 20 percent of all Americans believed, in 1939, that cancer was contagious; but a general historical illumination does settle in on a not too pious reader if he thumbs through these pages casually, without studying percentage details but keeping an eye out for long-term opinion shifts. Students of American thought will doubtless be better off historically with a hundred years of such data rather than 38—and by then somebody should have figured out a way to make the data intelligently selective rather than a great chronological lump with index—but what is at hand now is impressive nonetheless.

Or at least a certain small percentage of it is impressive, and that, interestingly, is the nonpresidential part of the Gallup industry. The results of polling for presidential preferences become very dead items after the elections themselves, while the results on questions that don't get settled by elections tend to stay lively. Looking through the answers to Gallup questions of the late '30s for example one can hardly fail to be struck by how often the voice of the people, on both major and minor social issues, was not heeded by gods and governments. In 1936: 68 percent of Americans wanted governors on cars to prevent speeds greater than 50 mph; 82 percent thought the manufacture and sale of war munitions for private profit should be prohibited. In 1937: 68 percent thought everybody should be fingerprinted. In 1938: 73 percent thought big trucks should be kept off the highway at certain hours and on weekends; and 91 percent thought all nations should agree not to bomb civilians in wartime! In 1939: 63 percent thought it indecent for women to wear shorts for streetwear, and 78 percent disapproved of a married woman working if her husband was capable of supporting her. So there.

Sometimes one can be pleased that the popular voice did go unheard. In 1937: 66 percent said they would not vote for a woman for president even if she qualified in every other respect (in 1971 that vote was reversed, with 66 percent saying they *would* vote for her—but which vote is real? And will we ever know?). In 1938: 66 percent were on Ford's side against the union during a big strike, and 76 percent opposed giving the Filipinos independence. And on any number of polls all through the '30s the people consistently insisted that a large army, navy and air force were the ticket to keep us out of war (through 1939 more than 50 percent thought we *would* stay out of a European or world war). The people were also persistently capable of displaying great ignorance, as when after four years of war a goodly number thought the emperor of Japan was named Hara-Kari or Fujiyama.

Sometimes the questions themselves were not so smart either. Should the schools teach the facts about communism, fascism or socialism? Do you believe the acts and policies of the Roosevelt administration may lead to a dictatorship? Do you think Tom Mooney was guilty? Do you favor restoring the whipping post for punishing certain criminals? So much for leading questions. Then there were the questions that were clever but perhaps merely clever, as when in the weeks before and after Pearl Harbor the pollsters kept asking whether people had colds or not (before Pearl Harbor, 10 percent; after, 34 percent). There were also the dumb questions: (on Pearl Harbor Day) Is there any one vitamin you have heard about in recent months?

But, as I said at the beginning, the most unrewarding questions seem now to have been the presidential questions, and since a good three-fourths of the energies of the Gallup enterprise were devoted over the years to these, it seems appropriate for a reviewer to ask a few questions of his own about the general direction and purpose of the Gallup venture. Why has it been so journalistically oriented? Why has it not been more spacious and imaginative in investigating the nooks and crannies of American thought? Answer: the money for the venture comes from the presidential side of it (153 newspapers subscribe to the poll, and are the poll's main source of income).

Now it is naive to suggest that the

"WHAT THE VOTING *demonstrated, among other things, was the depth of the chasm dividing the majority of Americans from the McGovernites inhabiting the campus, the media and some affluent suburbs. They have been highly audible; they remain energetic and ambitious. But, for 1972, as they are all saying, as Massachusetts goes, so goes the District of Columbia.*"

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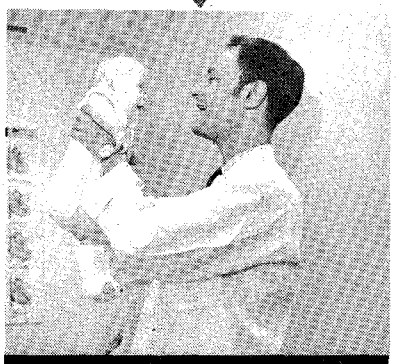

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money part of the business be diminished. But let me be naive; I think there are two quite different but equally good reasons why this valuable, and now also demonstrably accurate, enterprise should reroute itself by diminishing its election coverage. First the polls do, I will bet my right arm, influence, though in ways we cannot now measure, how people vote; and second, the election emphasis gives an ephemeral, pulse-of-the-moment throb to the whole enterprise and therefore discourages its operators from asking questions of a more durable nature.

Of reason one, much has been written and spoken on the possible influence of the polls. Just before the last election both Gallup and Harris testified before a congressional committee on the subject; one denied influence, and the other thought that the influence, if there were any, would be a favoring of the underdog McGovern. I don't know how to begin to argue with these close-focus pragmatic opinions except by proposing a hypothetical situation, a situation I would dearly hope we might some day achieve: suppose no polling was *allowed* for the three months preceding a presidential election, so that there would be no late figures in the voter's mind as he entered the election booth. I submit that, given this situation, the voter *would* be freer in his determinings than he is now; and for analogy I can only refer to the long-term experience of our advertisers who seem to have discovered that bragging about Chevrolet sales helps Chevrolet sales (substitute any other popular brand, and think of the devotion of advertisers to the popularity of popularity). What I am saying is that the polls are, in their effect, advertisements even though their methods and practices may have the properly dignified bearing of objective inquiry. Now in most cases we do not allow the conventional advertising of candidates within a specified number of feet of the polls, presumably because we aspire to the notion of free elections and believe, though fuzzily, that advertising does but should not affect that freedom *at the place and moment* of voting. To the degree that the polls are also advertising it seems to me that they too should be kept at a distance from the moment of choice—and I suggest that the distance in time should be considerable to be truly effective. This is a big topic, not to be wound up here, but let me go on to related point two.

This pulse-of-the-moment science could be so much more useful and significant a source of knowledge about our people than it is now if it were *not* oriented so exclusively to the moment, to the front page. How much more it could be may be imagined by suggesting what the current mode of questioning consistently has neglected in just one, but one particularly important field, education. The poll forgot education entirely for years, and when it finally moved in on the subject it never graduated from the most elementary of queries: Should kids have more or less homework? Should they spend more or less hours in school? Have you put aside money for your child's college education? Are you satisfied with the education your child is getting?—plus of course all the journalistic questions about busing, integration, etc. *Nowhere* in the 38 years of the Gallup enterprise was there any evidence that I could find of anybody trying to find out what the Peepul think the goals of education should be.

I grant that if one were able to get a valid answer to such a question it might be something like: a good job in the glue factory. But I don't *know* that this would be the Peepul's answer and I'd like to know. Furthermore knowing would be of some assistance in the whole discouraging enterprise of educational reform—but the Gallup people don't imagine such a function for themselves. The same is true of their handling of other big issues. On taxes for example they have been consistently myopic, with the result that 38 years of their work have left us with a pile of outdated statistics (such as, in 1937 the people thought that an income of $100,000 should be taxed $10,000) but no data of any real legibility about what the average American thinks of his obligations to, relations with, his state. In other words the questions have been consistently patronizing of that average American, asking him what will bug his brain least. The results are with us, and they are not impressive.

Am I blaming Gallup for the parochial condition of the American mind? It may seem so, but no, I mean merely to suggest that the poll's proceedings have played along too readily with that condition, and thereby encouraged it rather than attempting to explore its hidden resources (let us pray the resources are there; the Constitution says they are). I would hope that a maturing of the poll's general vision of its function could now, after these 38 years, occur; and toward that and a shift in emphasis *away* from the Presidents would seem to be a primary first step.

Reed Whittemore

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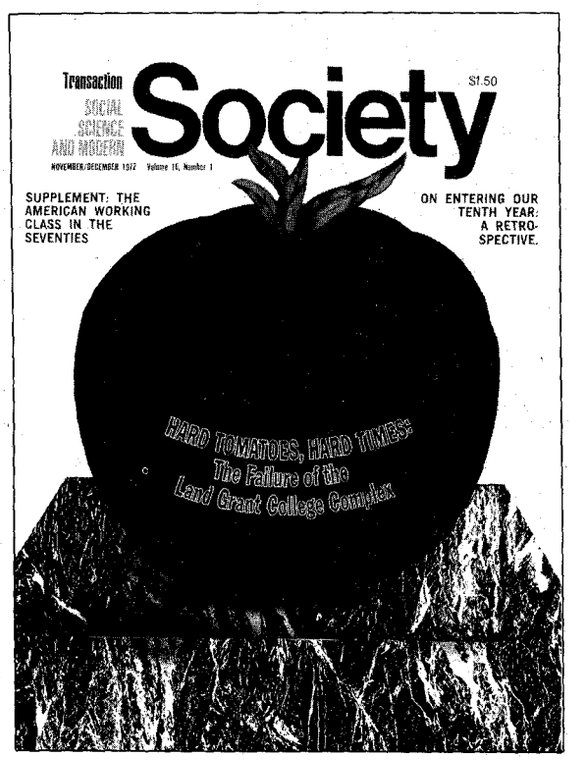
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Women and Madness
by Phyllis Chesler

(Doubleday; $8.95)

Vaginal Politics
by Ellen Frankfort

(Quadrangle; $6.95)

If it is true, as the radical women's liberationists contend, that women are an oppressed class and men are their oppressors, then the fact that it is men who determine whether they are sick or well and how they ought to be treated has a sinister cast. It is men who shut women up in mental institutions, give them shock therapy and subject them to brainwashing via verbal therapy. It is men who cut up women's bodies, administer drugs and give or withhold various means by which their reproductive functions may be controlled. Women doctors and nurses are merely trusted executors of the male-dominated medical profession, which is a tool of the patriarchal, capitalist society. These are the harrowing premises upon which Phyllis Chesler's *Women and Madness* and Ellen Frankfort's *Vaginal Politics* have been constructed. The authors are aware that men are also liable to be incarcerated, drugged and cut up by the medical establishments, but they reason that if the men are not poor and black they are part of the power structure and their physical and psychic experiences are very different from those of the oppressed.

Now, both the medical and psychiatric establishments are in need of radical restructuring. Chesler's and Frankfort's attack on them from a feminist viewpoint in terms of their built-in abuses against women makes good sense. However, both authors are deep into sexpol and evidently are more interested in heightening the "political" conflict between the all-powerful male oppressor and helpless female victim than in serious battle to overhaul the theory and practice of both medical systems. Thus the chief value of their books lies in the insight they give into the current mood and mythology of the women's movement.

Chesler raises the politics of sex to a cosmic level and creates a new psychomythology, fantasizing how women, who are now the wretched of the earth, can take over from the male oppressor —"it is clear that women who are feminists must gradually and ultimately *dominate* [her italics] public institutions—in order to insure that they are not used against women." And how is this to be done? Chesler brings to the battle a pseudohistorical horde of Amazons, goddesses and matriarchs. She considers the Amazonian model and earnestly decides, "In general, hand-to-hand combat is anachronistic and militarily ineffective—for women as well as men."

Despite such flights of fancy and her rap-group-style outrage at the sexism of everyday life—"I cannot continue either an important or casual conversation with a male colleague in the bathroom. . . . I can with a female and it makes a *difference*"—Chesler offers good insights into how psychiatry manipulates the feminine psyche to enforce social norms and the way in which the unhappiness of women is structured into the culture.

It is Chesler's contention that women, brought up to be passive, dependent and self-sacrificing, are mentally ill by definition. If they rebel against sex role stereotyping and become aggressive, self-assertive, adventurous, creative, they are discouraged and may well wind up in a mental institution. Most women find an easier form of protest—they become depressed, helpless and frigid. Viewing themselves as "neurotic" or "psychotic" they go to therapists for help and frequently wind up having "psychiatric careers," that is they are in and out of therapy and institutions most of their lives. Throughout their "treatment" they are subjected to a male authority figure or his female surrogate trying to make them conform to a female norm as it is conceived in a patriarchal culture. The therapist, having a vested interest financially and psychologically in the supremacy of the nuclear family, tries to bring the patient into line so that she can function adequately in marriage. Chesler concludes that "the institutions of therapy and marriage not only mirror each other, they support each other." Who can argue with that?

Beneath women's helplessness and servility, in Chesler's view, lies a deep longing for images of power and grandeur with which to identify. In "madness" women gravitate toward the images of Joan of Arc and the Virgin Mary. These figures, as Chesler sees them, are the Christian mythological equivalents of Demeter and Persephone. The Demeter-Persephone myth is, for Chesler, a touchstone by which she examines the despair of modern women. In the Judeo-Christian culture, she complains, all women are motherless because women do not like the female body or value other women. "They are phobic about lesbianism." Young girls hungry for affection turn to their fathers; this leads them into the trap of marrying a man, and all men are father figures. Thus marriage, romance, prostitution all involve incestuous rape. Psychiatry repeats the pattern.

Chesler says she writes as a psychological researcher, clinician, theoretician and lover of poetry and myths, and indeed her book is a veritable Dada collage of literary and scientific materials: statistical charts from the National Institutes of Mental Health showing that proportionally more women than men are in mental hospitals and out-patient therapy; a personal neo-Jungian interpretation of classic myths; accounts of four gifted women who were institutionalized (among them Sylvia Plath and Zelda Fitzgerald); interviews with various categories of mental patients—women who had done time in institutions, women who have had sex with

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PETER BROOKS *teaches French literature at Yale and is author of* The Novel of Worldliness. ELENORE LESTER *teaches a class in images of women in 19th- and 20th-century literature at New York University.* DOUGLAS STEWART *is in the Classics Department at Brandeis University.*

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their therapists, lesbians, "third world" women and feminists in therapy; a report on how Freud and other major clinicians revealed rigid, patriarchal notions of feminine behavior, plus the ideas produced by myriad consciousness-raising groups since the start of the movement.

The total effect of this accumulation is to create a kind of science fiction vision with women cast as members of a great lost captive civilization awaiting restoration to its ancient splendor. Chesler has a doctorate in psychology and throws in statistical charts for a veneer of professionalism. However, she builds her central argument on subjective, unsubstantiated statements coming directly out of her feminine ideology. Thus, she suggests off-handedly that old women are more despised than old men in our society and the behavior of mothers toward their daughters follows a universal harsh pattern. In addition to her dubious anthropology and sociology, she deals with data in a slapdash manner. For example: she finds that women are going to psychotherapists in overwhelmingly increasing numbers. To this she adds a conscientious footnote: 1) More men are also going for therapy, 2) better records are being kept, 3) there are more hospitals and doctors than ever before. Then she continues to write as though she has just established a revealing fact.

It is unfortunate that Chesler has not taken herself seriously enough to focus her attack on the psychiatric industry instead of on a large amorphous patriarchal oppressor. That industry has had a damaging effect on the lives of two American generations by imposing an unrealistic set of sexual and behavioral norms. It is at least half possible that women have gotten the worst of it. The women's movement is playing a heroic role in breaking through the old psychiatrically imposed sexual stereotypes, and if at times feminist writers seem to flail too wildly, it may be that a good part of their bafflement arises from the fact that they have internalized those norms and must fight an enemy which is within themselves as well as on the outside.

Just as Chesler politicizes the female psyche, Frankfort politicizes the vagina itself. The jacket of her book features a feminine hand holding aloft, like a raised fist, a plastic speculum used for vaginal examinations. The book opens with a glowing account of a demonstration at a feminist Self-Help Clinic

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in Los Angeles. Taking turns lying on tables in a church basement, the women are examining one another's cervixes for cancer and infections. Pow! "In about five minutes you've just about destroyed the mystique of the doctor," rejoices Frankfort. She notes the "revolutionary" effect of the experience. "So deep is the feeling—the 'uterus reaction'—that women are systematically denied any control over their bodies by the medical profession that any alternative to it is embraced with joy." Some 200 pages later, at the end of the book, Frankfort casually mentions that a plastic speculum tends to get porous and scratched with age, and it cannot be sterilized by boiling because it will melt. She has no further comment, no advice for the woman with the scratched dirty speculum. But there is a suggestion that infections may sometimes be confused with cancer by the do-it-yourselfer. Worse, it is important to go to the doctor for an annual Pap test anyway because a good deal of the cervix is not on the outside surface.

Frankfort, a health columnist for the *Village Voice*, is angry about male doctors' indifference to the integrity of women's bodies and feelings, but is tolerant of experimentation by the self-help sisters with a device for extraction of the menstrual flow all at once, eliminating the discomfort of the customary few days. She brightly announces that the fact that "a group of women started *doing* it, indicates the revolutionary potential behind the women's health movement. . . ." A few pages earlier she has quoted "a medical student" as referring to it as "terribly dangerous." As a matter of fact, says Frankfort, she is rather conservative. She worries about the risks. And after all, even self-help clinics are no answer. She really believes the country has the doctors and technology to offer sophisticated services—if the medical system were nationalized.

There are some interesting reports in her book—how New York abortion clinics are run and how customers are fleeced, how drugs that may well prove dangerous remain on the market, how popular writers on sex promulgate silly ideas, how doctors lie, make mistakes, withhold information, cover up for one another, how paraprofessionals function as an effective medical force in China. These accounts seem sensible.

But then when Frankfort discusses the controversy about the need to perform radical mastectomies versus simple breast removal for cancer, she goes off into the dark realm of surrealist feminist nightmare. She knows that in the first anatomy class at medical school, students with the misfortune to get a female cadaver have a hard job cutting away the breasts. It sets them behind the others. She puts two and two together. "What would it be like if breasts were not introduced to future doctors as greasy masses to be cut off as quickly as possible in order to make way for the study of the axila? Could it be that doctors would subsequently show greater hesitation in slicing through them when they became diseased?" Well, she's only asking.

The late '60s radical movements have gone out with a whimper as a result of rhetorical overkill plus unreal analysis of where the enemy lies and what is to be done. Women's liberation has replaced those movements in the media spotlight. It is a temptation for feminists to reduce real injustices and grievances to the material for mere nasty gamesmanship in the old-fashioned war between the sexes. Male oppressors, Amazonian societies, the anarchist militance of getting acquainted with your own vagina will first entertain, then quickly bore both men and women so that soon everyone will tire of women's liberation and things will be left exactly where they were before it all began.

Elenore Lester

Douglas J. Stewart on TV

Home Cooke-ing

In the early '30s Alistair Cooke was sent to America by *The Manchester Guardian*, evidently on an impulse comparable to that of the Pope who sent St. Augustine to the Angles and Saxons. Now that Cooke has capped his 40-year mission with a 13-hour TV special on our history as he sees it, shown every other Tuesday night on NBC, we are in a position to judge in which direction the conversion effects have run.

First, America has had little effect in changing Cooke's *Guardian* tone, a very special tone indeed. Reginald Maulding, a Tory "enemy," recently wrote that *The Guardian* is more than a paper, it's "an attitude toward life . . . [that] one firmly wishes were more widely adopted." With its elegant informality, its refusal to panic, and its puns (including its title, slyly situated halfway between the "guardians" of Plato's *Republic* and Juvenal's hooting question, "Who will guard the guardians?"), *The Guardian* often sounds like a board of patient, slightly comedic saints hearing the *n*th confession of rascal history, and once again exhorting the wretch to be good, because to be good is to be wise in the long run. Long runs are a *Guardian* specialty. Cooke's pointed reminder in episode I that America had a Latin "input" long before its English one, was not, as one critic charged, a statement about the present health of Latin cultural influences on America, but a lament over lost opportunities. While unwashed frontiersmen got rid of the Indian out of fear and greed, well-dressed "leaders" banished French and Spanish influences out of pettiness and bigotry.

Second, though he became a citizen in the early '40s, Cooke never forfeited his amateur status, and has steadfastly resisted the American temptation to learn *things*. He is a smashing success on TV precisely because he has never wasted precious time trying to "understand" it as though it were a deep professional mystery. Like Lord Clark, whose "Civilisation" crew he borrowed for this series, Cooke is an unabashed dealer in the "hot" medium of print, and reads his periodic sentences into the camera as though he were talking to one interesting friend. By contrast, Huntley and Cronkite talk freeze-dried sterilities to a hypothetical composite of 40 million people, and thus to no one in particular. If Cooke comes off less well than Clark it's only because, as John J. O'Connor noted in the *Times*, he has a less interesting subject to deal with.

Third, Cooke is an *English* history buff, which means maps, lots of maps. I think I counted seven old, busy maps in the first installment. Your Englishman demands a very firm sense of place and relation in history. This goes against the conventional wisdom, which holds that Americans are cartographic illiterates and must never be taxed with a map of anything more demanding than

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the subway system or their own garages. Either Cooke has never heard of this, or he just doesn't care. And anyhow he has a point. Being American must seem to the European-born a very abstract condition of existence, with very little sense of concrete place and space. I say more maps!

Where Cooke has become a serious American is in his conversion to the economic interpretation of history. Products, commodities and markets dominated the first segment; the Puritan commercial-work ethic the second; and I assume that taxes, smuggling, land speculation and the ghost of Charles Beard lurk in future episodes. This was the dominant theory of many who taught and wrote American history when Cooke took out his papers, and if he sounds a bit behind the times *now*, it may perhaps be ascribed to more than usual zeal in learning his lessons *then*. Besides, the notion itself of the economic interpretation of history is an important part of American thought and character.

Again, and this has caused adverse comment, Cooke seems to have stuck by establishment sources in compiling his history. I say "seems" because it isn't clear that any two reviewers have seen the identical segments. I have seen only the two public ones. Four other reviews I have seen are each based on a different selection of prerelease showings. Thus I cannot comment on Cooke's treatment of Roosevelt and the New Deal, which angered the London correspondent of *The Washington Post* (writing in *The Guardian!*), or his alleged failure to deal lovingly with the New Left, Kent State and the new racism—if indeed he did so fail. But on the basis of the first two installments, I can say that if Cooke *uses* standard sources, he does so in the *Guardian* manner. He needles rather than howls; he is not self-righteous; he has the good manners of a guest and only insults his host when he can insult their shared humanity. And, good *Guardian* man that he is, he takes long views. Clarity beats fury when you are trying to coax the truth out of a big stretch of history. Comparing Governor Winthrop to Chairman Mao has a two-way efficacy: it makes the easy point that thought control is a game anybody can play, and it credits Winthrop with thoughts at least as deep as those of the latter-day chairman. Cooke's sympathies are in fact rather far to the left, where that is consonant with common sense and

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patience.

If the series has a serious fault, so far, it seems to be that of length. As O'Connor complained, American history isn't long or interesting enough for a 13-hour treatment. Clark's "Civilisation" was embarrassed with the richness of its source materials; Cooke's "America" certainly won't be. Nonetheless the series is, as O'Connor wrote, "A scathing comment on the imagination and initiative of American television," because the best TV celebration we've yet seen of the upcoming bicentennial is a product hired from the BBC. One might note that BBC thus emerges as a nasty socialist institution whose works are now being gobbled up by our *commercial* networks; furthermore, that the *public* broadcasting people over here are not only gobbling up what they can get from BBC, they are actually sending American blokes abroad to see how the British do it. Maybe this suggests what's wrong with American television on a broader front.

Its poverty is obviously fabulous, but must lie in part in the foolish theory that TV is a new and separate medium with its own science and mystery, as noted above. TV is a less than earth-shaking wrinkle in the general problem of communication, and the time-valued skills of literacy, learning and volubility have not been materially outmoded by the advent of the camera. Fatuous theories about media, attention spans and the need for blandness, impartiality and "straight" reporting all collapse before the simple fact that Alistair Cooke, with less than a lot to say about sometimes slim materials, is far more absorbing than any domestic competitor we can imagine.

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

The workers in the play are all noble, as expected, but the upper-class characters are treated with some insight, some interest in their complexity. (Gorky had Chekhov as model for the upper-class people but only his life as source for the workers!) The play doesn't have the organic quality of *The Lower Depths*, and its offstage suicide as a finish—again from Chekhov (and Ibsen)—had become a dramaturgic platitude by the time Gorky used it; but *Enemies* is an interesting station on the travels of Russian drama from Chekhov and Turgenev toward the Soviet future.

And the RSC production was one of the best I have seen of a Russian play. John Wood, especially, as Yakov the brother of the factory owner on whose estate it all happens, was unforgettably brilliant.

The Beaumont production gave me the Gorky I had dreaded in London: sticks, poses, cliché Russianism, ideological blatancy. The best performance is by Philip Bosco as the factory manager who is killed in Act One, and even he could have used some tempering in this difficult part. (He comes in furious and stays furious most of the time.) Frances Sternhagen, an actress of instant credibility who seems to live wherever she lights, is good as the lady of the house. But the rest! Joseph Wiseman, the Yakov, is simply ludicrous: a gigantic stoned spider, in love with his own creepy affectations, devoid of truth or humanity. Barbara Cook, as Bosco's wife-widow, paddles chubbily around the huge stage, almost swimming from point to point. Nancy Marchand is dried-up and brittle in a role that requires richness. Josef Sommer is cheaply monochrome as the prosecutor, a role that Alan Howard made a small-scale Robespierre. And Stefan Schnabel, a general, Will Lee, an orderly, and Tom Lacy, a captain, give performances that I hope they want to forget as much as I do.

Ellis Rabb directed, in a way that is partly reminiscent of the *Twelfth Night* he did here last year. Many directors at the Beaumont have felt the need, in that unfortunately designed theater, to build out the stage, to thrust it at the audience. Here, as in *Twelfth Night*, Rabb has reversed the crescent, so to speak: has eliminated the forestage and is playing well back on that immense drill-hall stage, presumably so that he can use the turntable. He does use it well, especially in the very last moment when the room moves to show us the suicided Yakov on the lawn. (Except that it's not affecting because we don't give a damn about this Yakov.) But this deployment forces on Rabb an approach that turns his direction into a species of haulage, getting people in from far frontiers to the playing space, getting them out again, getting them across immense reaches in the midst of intimate soul-baring conversations. He has imposed a terrible discrepancy between the physical movement of the play and its tonalities: looking for big pictures, he has warped any patterns that might have substantiated the theme. Apparently he now has an acreage complex. This forces him to such artificiality as the moment at the end of Act Two when two workers, left alone to guard the estate, are conversing quietly together. *Together.* Rabb arbitrarily forces them apart, one to each side of the enormous stage, for the sake of a picture. They are pulled apart so strenuously that one can almost hear a fabric being ripped.

The translation, by Kitty Hunter-Blair and Jeremy Brooks, has been published by Viking Press, with a preface by Brooks. In it, speaking of the RSC production, he says that David Jones understood that Gorky "put up for trial" the society of his day, not individuals; so the first week of rehearsals was spent in watching and discussing Russian films of the period and the second week in reading and discussing relevant literature—memoirs, letters, etc. Then the stage work began. This foundation of common knowledge was the prime omission from the Beaumont production. We saw a lot of job actors jobbing along, some better, most worse.

That was what depressed me, the characteristic performance of this resident theater as against the British. I know that Lincoln Center has money troubles, that this city has unique cultural troubles; I know (and have reported) that most London theater is terrible and that some RSC productions are far from first-class. But why can't there *ever* be a production at Lincoln Center that compares with the best of, say, the RSC? This production depressed me because it seemed to underscore all the European commonplaces about America: a gauche, provincial performance, thin in cultural texture.

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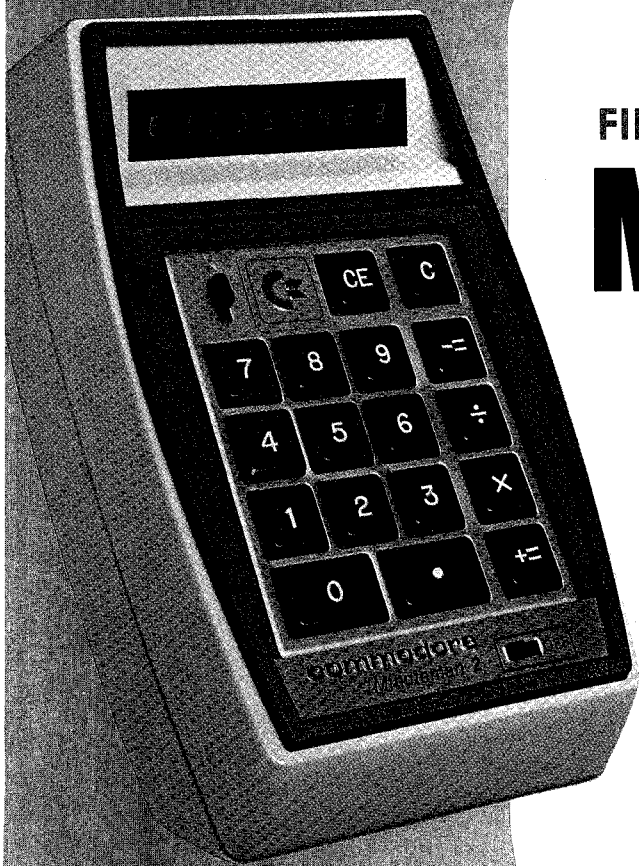

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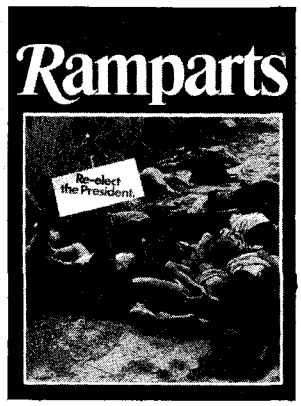

True. The trouble is that it has been a war without allies. *Time,* and virtually the rest of the mass media supported another war, the unholiest of this century, in Vietnam. Armed with vast resources, hundreds of reporters, and access to people in power with information, the establishment press failed us and betrayed an obligation, sacred to the press, of doubting and questioning. If this is the free press in action, who needs a government censor? But lest we be accused of taking *Time* out of context, here is the rest of what they said about us in their April issue:

...though they are often inaccurate."

Time Magazine, April 3, 1972

Accuracy. Our record on the major issues of the day is clear. When *Time* and most of the other magazines in the country were uncritically—but "accurately"—printing government propaganda about Indochina, we were diagramming the steps by which America became bogged down in this disaster. In 1965 we showed how the CIA and Michigan State University got the U.S. involved in Vietnam. In 1967, we demonstrated how the CIA had cynically subverted the National Student Association and a broad range of other domestic institutions. In 1968, we described the CIA's manhunt resulting in the execution of Che Guevara and were the first to publish the Guevara Diaries. In May, 1971 we were the first to tell the story of how the CIA's involvement in the opium trade in Indochina led to an heroin epidemic here at home.

In our ten years as a national magazine, Ramparts has gambled. And it has paid off—for us and for the whole country. It would be accurate to say that we brought muck-raking journalism back to an America that was sadly in need of it, and by so doing advanced the political consciousness of the country. It is a tradition we're proud of; it is a continuing tradition.

Take the last few months for example. In our August issue, we published the startling memoirs of a man who had worked for years as an analyst for the National Security Agency. This story made front page news in papers all across the country and opened a window onto the global mission of the most powerful (and until then, most anonymous) agency in the U.S. espionage network. Our October issue featured a report by David Landau on the Nixon Administration's diplomacy of terror—the secret diplomatic messages to Henry Kissinger which show that the dikes are being systematically destroyed in North Vietnam. Our current issue, November, contains "The Rand Papers." With the help of Anthony Russo and David Landau, we tell the story of "the secret study" of the NLF conducted by the Rand Corporation, on which the U.S. air war has been based.

We will continue to search out the important stories that take place behind the scenes. And we want you to join us. Try this experiment: read *Time* for awhile for an accurate account of what the government says is happening; then read *Ramparts* to find out the truth.

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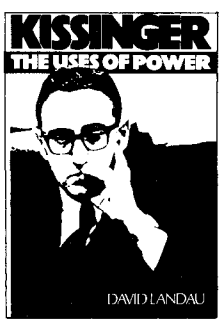

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